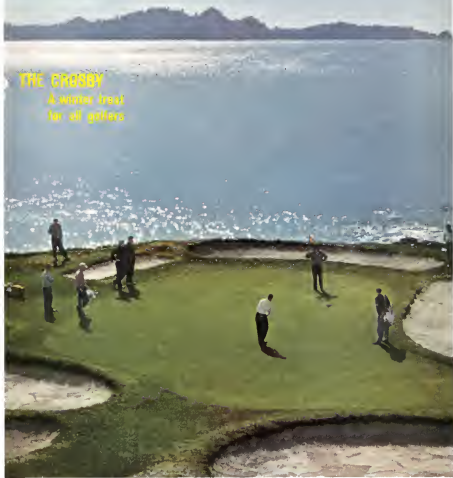


Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 23, 1961 25 CENTS

THE CROSBY

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EARLY TIMES



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Just try it in sand or mud.



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc. 140 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except two year-end issues combined. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of amateur athletes numbered or sketched for as follows: women, 11-12; men, 13-14; women, 15-16; men, 17-18.

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Next week

Pro basketball's Los Angeles Lakers are constantly in flight to meet their coast-to-coast schedule. Jim Murray describes the bizarre events of a recent Laker road trip.

Everybody knows the pros, but is there a new amateur threat? From Pebble Beach, a report on the Crosby Pro-Am and the little golfers who often make the event big.

Beginning an important new season on the air, the safety and the fun of driving by three of the world's best drivers: Roger Ward, Jack Brabham and England's Pat Moss.



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Creamy, rich Noxzema holds up your whiskers as it does this pencil. You shave clean and close without irritation.



COMING EVENTS

January 20 to January 26

All prices are E & T

* Color television ■ Television ■ National radio

Friday, January 26

MAISETHALL, (colleges)
Kansas State at Kansas
(grad)
New York at Detroit
Stevens at Boston

Saturday, January 21

- **BARBERSHOP COLLEGE**
 Division of Louisiana, 2 p.m. (ABT)
 House of Representatives
 Monument at Ohio State
- **Northwestern at Michigan State** (Sports Network regional TV)
 8 p.m. (ABT)
 Division of Congress
 Division of Congress
- **CONGRESS AT DETROIT**
 Congress at Detroit, St. Louis vs. New York
 at St. Louis
- **LOS ANGELES AT PHILADELPHIA**, 2 p.m. (NH)
 Division of Congress
- **WPAA**
 WPAA New All-Star Tournament (final day)
 10 p.m. (ABT)
- **OLD SHOW**
 Golden Gate Kennel Club, San Francisco (live)

- All 500 Golf areas, Sprad vs. Demart, 5 p.m. in each time zone (A[BC])

HOCKEY
Boston at Toronto
Detroit at Montreal
New York at Chicago

• The *Horseman*, \$20,000, Hialeah Sports Network (cable TV).

SKING
Hahnenkamm FIS race, Kitzbühel, Austria
Julius 2001

* Los Angeles Invitational, Los Angeles (USA), Jan. 22, 2:48 p.m.

Sunday, January 22

BASKETBALL (cont.)
 * **Los Angeles vs. Syracuse** at Utrera, N.Y.
 * **St. Louis vs. Cincinnati**, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
 * **Philadelphia** at Detroit

GOLF
 * **Celebrity Golf** arrives, **Sam Snead vs. Driscoll**
 * **Morgan**, 5 p.m. (NBC)

* **Hug Grosz National** (final day), 5:50/2:30, Del.
 * **Monro, Calif.** (ABC) *

HOCKEY
 * **Boston** at **Chicago**
 * **New York** at **Detroit**

Monday, January 23

BOWLING
4. Jordan Bowler, Simon de Moor (NBF) 2

Tuesday, January 25

BASKETBALL (prod)
Boston at New York.
Detroit at Cincinnati.
Syracuse at Los Angeles.
Philadelphia at St. Louis.

GYMNASTICS
U.S.S.R. trial exhibition, Minsk Sq. Garden,
New York.

Wednesday, January 26

ICE SKATING
 Kentucky Wesleyan at Louisville
 (pre)
 New York vs St. Louis, Detroit vs Cincinnati
 at Detroit
 Syracuse at Los Angeles.

FIGURE SKATING
 U.S. Nationals, Colorado Springs, Colo. (through
 Jan. 28)

HOCKEY
 Boston at New York
 Montreal at Toronto

Thursday, January 26

BASKETBALL '90:1
Boston at Philadelphia.

GOLF
Losky International Open, \$50,000, San Francisco through Jan. 29).

HOCKEY
Chicago at Detroit.
Montreal at Boston.

^aSee Local Testing.

SCORECARD

Events, Discoveries and Opinions

FILLY

Jimmy Kilroe is the nation's leading connoisseur of young Thoroughbred horses. Each year he estimates how the previous season's 2-year-olds will do when they get to the classics—the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes. His scale of excellence is called the Experimental Weights, and when he released them the other day racing fans immediately looked to see who was in second place. For the last two years his second choices (Tomy Lee and Venetian Way) have run off with the Derby.

This year a filly is second. Her name is Bowl of Flowers. She is large and red, won six of eight and \$198,706 last season, is owned by the Brookmeade Stable and trained by Elliott Burch. She can run from behind the leaders or with them. If she wins the Derby, she will be the first filly to do it since Regret in 1915.

THE GADFLY

New York's National Motor Boat Show carries an official award as the best consumer show in the country. This year it is better than ever: more exhibits, interesting new trends, enthusiastic crowds (see page 48). Only the great gadfly, Robert Moses, until recently commissioner of practically everything around New York, including the waterways, saw a need to grab the industry by the ears. Addressing its assembled leaders, Moses said, "How are we to prevent these millions of boats from running wild on the waters, smashing into each other, capsize from heavy wash? It is typical of American assembly lines and salesmanship that when the boat with an outboard or inboard engine slides down the ways, the entire concern of the average manufacturer is over. The boat industry must contribute more than soft selling. . . . There was a time when the big automobile manufacturers were against modern roads because they cost money. Finally it dawned on that industry that a car is no good

if it has no road to run on. The motorboat maker needs a similar education. Why should he wait until safety is forced on him? The way things are going," Moses concluded, "the internal combustion engine will overwhelm us on the water as it has on the land."

NECKTIE PARTY

Bill Veeck, the man who made the open collar famous, has turned down an invitation to the Kennedy inaugural because it meant wearing a tie.



This perturbed Hank Greenberg, White Sox vice-president, "I got a great idea," Greenberg told him. "We'll fly an Italian designer over for the occasion. We'll have him design twice as many outfits for you as Sinatra has. Think of the publicity! We'll change your public image—from sport shirts and no tie to the best-dressed man in sports."

"Can't do it," Veeck said.

"Why not?"

"I got married in a church. My mother-in-law pleaded with me to wear a tie at the ceremony, but I refused. Can you imagine what would happen if I wore a tie to the inaugural? She'd never speak to me again."

THE RECRUITER

Last week the NCAA put the University of North Carolina on probation for a year because Basketball Coach Frank McGuire allegedly had broken

the rules in recruiting players. McGuire is the New York-born-and-bred Irishman who has attracted many of that city's best high school players to Chapel Hill.

We have long admired McGuire as a man (SI, Dec. 9, 1957) and applauded the manner in which he teaches sportsmanship and gentlemanly behavior as well as basketball. If he was guilty as charged, however, he should have been penalized, and in that spirit of impartiality we are impelled to inform the NCAA of another of McGuire's devilishly clever recruiting techniques.

Twenty years ago, when he was coaching at Xavier High School in New York, McGuire sent a christening present for the infant son of a next-door neighbor. It was a basketball, naturally, and the child came to cherish it, using it as a sleeping companion the way other youngsters used teddy bears. Later, the growing boy dribbled it and threw it through hoops on playground courts. The ball died a natural death after some years, impaled on the steel spiking atop a playground wall, but the deflated shell remained a prized possession.

The boy became a basketball star in high school. In his senior year at Fordham Prep he averaged 25 points a game and was chosen for the city's all-star team. He barely looked at the many offers from other college coaches, telling Frank McGuire he wanted only to play for him. His name is Don Walsh, and today, as a starting guard, he is one of the reasons Carolina is favored to win the Atlantic Coast Conference race.

THE INSIDE STORY

- Alvin Dark, new manager of the Giants, believes the club lost last year because it did not have a dependable late-inning relief man. Dark now plans a startling switch: Sam Jones, who has won 39 games in two years as a starter, will work in the bullpen; his replacement will be junk-baller Stu Miller, who has started only 12 times over the same stretch.
- The Washington Redskins plan intensive homework this summer for their No. 1 draft choice, Quarterback Norman Sneed of Wake Forest. Sneed's tutor will be Ralph Guglielmi, who won the starting job only last season.

- Look for conference realignments throughout the Far West. Arizona

continued

State is expected to follow Arizona out of the Border Conference; both are considering a proposed Great Western grouping, which would include Utah, New Mexico and Brigham Young of the Skyline, and independents Oregon State, Oregon and Washington State. If this fails to develop, Arizona, Arizona State and Texas Western may desert the Border Conference to join the Skyline.

- Promoters of Jacksonville's Gator Bowl are considering a shift to January 1 and direct competition with Miami's Orange Bowl. The move hinges largely on an improved television contract.
- Big Jake, listed as a 1,000-to-1 shot for the Santa Anita Handicap in the Caliente Future Book on December 24, has won two of his last three races, is now 30 to 1.

SWEET GEORGIA

In Athens, Ga. last week, Georgia Tech beat the home team University of Georgia in a basketball game 89-80. Disappointed Georgia students thereupon marched up to the girls' dormitory and threw rocks through the window of one of the coeds, Charlayne Hunter. Miss Hunter is not, as one might suppose, a spy for the winning Tech team. She is a Negro trying to get a college education.

THE SOFT AMERICAN (CONT'D.)

The new Attorney General of the United States (5 feet 10, 165 pounds) won his H at Harvard playing end on the football team. Introduced last week at a banquet meeting in Pittsburgh of college football coaches and NCAA authorities, Bob Kennedy began with a smile. "When you play football in college," he said, "you get a little better in the public's mind and a great deal better in your own mind each year after graduation." When he was invited to speak, Kennedy said, he thought to himself: "They want me to reminisce about that 1947 Harvard team and tell in detail about a few blocks I made and tackles that I would have made if luck hadn't been against me." It was a blow to his morale, he said, to learn that the coaches had never heard of his Harvard letter. "However, I come with great pride. . . ." And the smile disappeared and Kennedy empha-

sized the next words with the crisp, chopping, right-hand gesture the country has come to recognize in the style of his brother JFK: "Except for war, there is nothing in American life which trains a boy better for life than football. There is no substitute for athletics."

Then the new Attorney General took up the theme of The Soft American that the new President outlined in this magazine a month ago. If his listeners had expected mere pleasantries they were in for surprises.

"Think back to what happened during the Korean war. Almost 50% of our Army prisoners—American soldiers who were captured in Korea—died on forced marches or in prison camps. Turkish soldiers captured at the same time suffered no fatalities even though they were generally in worse condition than our soldiers."

"Those who have made a study of the causes of this situation have come to the conclusion that we had such a high mortality rate because in many cases U.S. Army prisoners cared only for themselves, allowing their sick and wounded to go untended and die in the cold."

Moral, mental and physical fitness go together, said the Attorney General. While his audience listened in engrossed silence he ticked off, with the chopping gesture, the TV quiz scandals, the publicized corruptions of the 1950s in labor, business and government, and the lugging fitness standards of American youngsters.

"I am here," he ended as the cheers came, "because President Kennedy and we who are a part of the incoming Administration are deeply concerned about what has been happening to our country. . . . We are going to work on a program which emphasizes that all children should participate in sports. All children should recognize the need for physical fitness. All children should realize that excelling in athletics is important. If a game is worth playing it is worth winning."

THE BOARD

After dismissing Manager Lou Boudreau last fall Phil Wrigley struck a radical course for his hapless Chicago Cubs. He announced the club would open the '61 season with an eight-man board of coaches—and no manager. Last week, ignoring the hecklers, he named his sixth and seventh

FACES IN THE CROWD



OSVALDO SUAREZ of Argentina got married, joined 1,150 competitors from 33 nations in trek to Rio Paulo, Brazil, plodded through city's annual cross-town marathon to win third consecutive title, collapsed into bride's arms, then took off on honeymoon.



GERALD GRAYSON (called "Puddin'" after his favorite dessert), 22-year-old tailback who has already been offered a college scholarship, scored four TDs, ran 241 yards for the McKeessport (Pa.) Little Tigers in 56-0 Milk Bowl win over Houston.



TOM TRETHEWAY, 16, junior at Mt. Lebanon (Pa.) H.S. and son of U.S. Steel metallurgist, swimming in 28-yard pool, set intermediate 100-yard breaststroke record of 1:00.4 in dual meet with Clanton H.S., lowered it by 1/10 second a week later.



CHARLES (Cye, for Cyclone) **FENNEL**, Denver U. sophomore, swirled flawlessly down mile-long giant slalom course in 1:26 4/5 to beat rusty but strongly favored Buddy Warner by nearly a second, win featured race of annual Snow Cup, at Alta, Utah.



RAPER JOHNSON, Olympic decathlon winner and record breaker at Rome, 31's, Sportsman of the Year for 1958, was given World's Greatest Athlete Award at annual dinner of Maryland Professional Baseball Players Association, held in Baltimore.



KEN ROBINSON, 6-foot 11½-inch senior at Midway H.S., Canton, S.C., who averages 20 points a game, hit a fantastic 48 of 54 floor shots, added 12 fouls as Midway overwhelmed Ruler, 136-38, and as expected: "I couldn't have done it without my buddies."

members of the board, Verlon Walker and Charlie Grimm (previous members: Rip Collins, Harry Craft, Vedic Himsi, Goldie Holt, Elvin Tappe). Wrigley parried all questions with a Confucian "He who explains is lost."

While baseball experts speculated on Wrigley's sanity, a source close to the Cub owner offered some interesting clues. Wrigley has been a successful businessman (chewing gum) for as many years as he has been an unsuccessful baseball man. Now he'd like to try Spearmint tactics in the dugout. He sees no logic in baseball's practice of firing all the coaches every time a new manager is hired. He considers this wasteful and disruptive. Group brain-pickling has been run up the commercial flagpole and saluted.

Wrigley has sold a lot of chewing gum that way. Maybe it will also win some ball games.

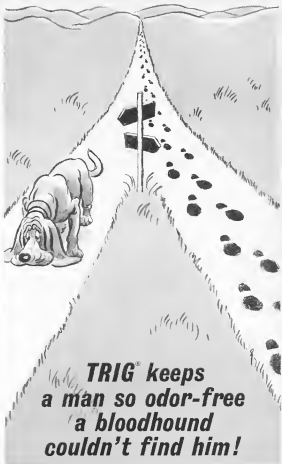
WEEEDS IN THE GARDENS

At the hockey game in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens the other night several people in leather jackets turned up with box seat tickets. It took a few days for Maple Leaf officials to recover from this. The regular box-seat patrons in Toronto normally are dressed to the nines, or even the tens, in evening clothes and mink. That's the way it is in the Gardens, where there has not been an unsold ticket to a hockey game since 1945.

When the Leaf officials pulled themselves together, they issued the following memo to all box holders:

"Among those attending the NHL games in Maple Leaf Gardens there has been a noticeable letdown lately in the dress and general deportment of a number of people occupying the box seats. These, naturally, are not the regular box-seat holders but, having always been able to keep a high standard in the Maple Leaf Gardens, we are asking our subscribers to exercise care when they release their tickets to someone else."

Unmentioned by the Leafs' management was another important reason for dressing properly. Many of the boxes are within earshot of the hockey players' benches. Without evening wear, the spectator is in for an expansion of his vocabulary. But, properly dressed, the fan has only to pull his top hat down over his ears.



**TRIG® keeps
a man so odor-free
a bloodhound
couldn't find him!**

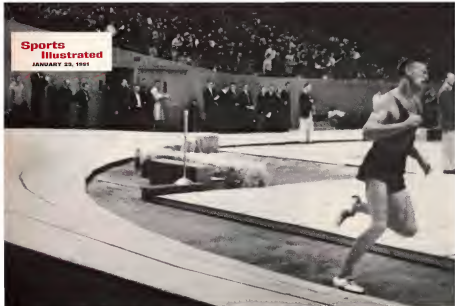
You couldn't ask for more protection...or a faster way of putting it on! New TRIG deodorant gives you solid protection against odor—for up to 27 hours. All-day protection against perspiration. Plus roll-on application and a clean, shaving-lotion scent. Can you beat that? No sir. You better try TRIG. It's new, it's for men, it really delivers.

BRISTOL-MYERS MAKES IT!



**Sports
Illustrated**

JANUARY 23, 1991



IN PORTLAND (above) New Zealand's 5,000-meter Olympic champion Murray Halberg is all alone as he struts on last lap of record two-mile. It was Halberg's first try on boards.

IN BOSTON Canada's 17-year-old high school distance star, Bruce Kidd, glances back at a hotly pursuing Peter McCordle as he heads into the final stages of his startling





THE KIWI AND THE KID

A continent apart, two natural phenomena detonated the indoor track and field season. At Portland, Ore., a New Zealand Olympic winner cut 12 seconds off the indoor two-mile record, while at Boston, in another two-mile, a 17-year-old Canadian schoolboy upset a veteran field

two-mile victory. Young Kidd ran an eerically paced race but still won by a very comfortable five-yard margin.



Inspired by the completion of the Portland Memorial Coliseum, a glass-and-concrete-and-steel arena with 9,000 theater-type cushion seats, a group of University of Oregon alumni raised \$21,000 and last Saturday night put on the first indoor track meet in the Northwest in 21 years. The group—called the Nervous Nine when only \$8,000 in advance sales came in—had the foresight to enlist Oregon's Bill Bowerman, one of America's outstanding track coaches, as meet director.

"We figured we had to have at least three really outstanding events," Bowerman said, "so we tried for six." He got all six, and the meet was a success—financially, because more than 7,000 spectators poured in on Saturday night to cover the expenses, and artistically, because a calm, thin Olympic champion named Murray Halberg flew 7,000 miles from his native New Zealand to run a two-mile race indoors in 8:34.3—faster, by nearly 12 seconds, than anyone had ever run it indoors before.

Not quite 5 feet 10 inches tall, and weighing just 136 pounds, the sandy-haired, soft-voiced Halberg became a world celebrity last summer at the age of 27 when he won the Olympic 5,000-meter race in Rome. He has been running competitively for seven

years, having taken up the sport after a jarring collision in a Rugby game paralyzed the nerves in his left arm (it is still lame today and he carries it tucked close against his side as he runs).

Halberg's competition last Saturday included two of the world's outstanding distance runners, American Olympian Max Truex, 25, and the 29-year-old Hungarian expatriate László Tabori, who is due to receive his American citizenship some time this year. Since both of his rivals possessed extensive experience in running the 22 laps that constitute an indoor two-mile, Halberg decided his best strategy was to use his superior condition as an immediate and continuing advantage. (It is now mid-summer in New Zealand and Halberg is in peak running shape, whereas Truex and Tabori are just beginning their season.)

"I was starting from the inside lane," Halberg said after the race, "and if you don't move quickly you may be pushed off the track by others crowding in from the outside lanes. If I had started from lane 4 or 5, I'd have stayed back and looked over the field for a couple of laps." As it was, he streaked away from the field and never looked back until he had covered 15 laps. It was here that another bit

crabbed

of Bowerman foresight added to the meet's success. Bowerman had taken the trouble to obtain the services of Dick Bank, an outstanding track-and-field announcer from Los Angeles, and Bank began informing the already excited audience that they were seeing the annihilation of a world record. Despite his terrific early pace Halberg sprinted the last 440 yards in 57.3 seconds as everyone stood and cheered him on, waving and shouting. Tabori finished second with a career-best 8:47.6 ("I am happy"), and Truex third in 8:57 ("He sure is smart. He killed us off").

Halberg's run was the more remarkable since it was his first on a real board track; but then, the track was remarkable, too. Designed by Bowerman, it is the first plywood track ever built and costs less than half the price of a standard spruce track. The athletes liked it, and Halberg himself, after running some test laps the afternoon before his race, stretched his narrow honey face into a wide grin. Mischievously he went into a boxer's crouch and swung his arms back and forth: "It's got lots of spring, and I like the banked curves." He tested the surface gingerly with his brand-new, short-spiked indoor shoes. "A bit like running on ice," he

said. "You can feel the spikes making tiny puncture holes." Accustomed to training on grass tracks in New Zealand "because there hasn't been enough money to build cinder tracks there," Halberg ran several workouts the week of the meet on an asphalt path in a park near his hotel. He gets some practice on asphalt at home in Auckland by running 5½ miles to and from his job as a laboratory technician at a New Zealand brewery. "You should train on as many surfaces as possible so that something new, like these boards, isn't hard to get used to."

Beatty and Burleson

The ever-popular one-mile run had a first-class field, too, in which America's two best milers, Dyrrol Burleson and Jim Beatty, met for the third time, and in which for the third straight time the stocky little Beatty outspurred his tall, slender rival at the finish, in a disappointing 4:07.4. Burleson, who was leaving with Halberg the next day for a three-week tour of meets in New Zealand, punishes himself mentally after any defeat, and after this one he said glumly, "Somebody else ought to get this New Zealand trip, somebody who deserves it."

In another of Bowerman's "six outstanding events," the 60-yard

dash, stubby little Roscoe Cook, only three weeks after finishing the Oregon U. football season (he is a halfback), streaked down the track to tie the world record of 6.0. Oregon State's Darrell Horn leaped an impressive 25 feet 6¼ inches in the broad jump. Olympian Jim Grelle, an Oregon alumnus, finished second in the 1,000 to Sig Ohlemann, an Oregon junior, and just ahead of Archie San Romani Jr., who is now an Oregon sophomore. And Olympians Otis Davis and Eddie Southern had a ball in the 500. Bowerman ran the race in staggered lanes in an effort to avoid the mad tangles that occur on the early turns in this wild race. But Davis and Southern became confused and lost count of the laps. "I didn't realize we were on the last lap until I came around the curve and saw that tape," grinned Davis, "and then it was too late." The two favorites were passed on the outside by a Washington University junior, Rick Harder, who won in a slow 59.5. "That was lots of fun," laughed Southern. "I hope to run lots more of these. I just need a little practice, but this indoor running is exciting."

It was so exciting for everybody, in fact, that the Nervous Nine immediately scheduled a second Oregon invitational for March 3.

—ARLIE W. SCHARDT



OREGON FOOTBALL PLAYER ROSCOE COOK PUMPS HIGH, DRIVES BURLY THIGHS TO THE WORLD RECORD IN DASH AT PORTLAND

HOW YOUNG KIDD MADE GOOD

Until 10:30 p.m. last Saturday night the Massachusetts Knights of Columbus indoor track meet at Boston Garden had been nothing more than the routine opening of the eastern indoor season. Then, suddenly, a 17-year-old Toronto high school senior named Bruce Kidd put on a display in the two-mile run that brought the spectators out of their seats screaming. The indoor season discovered its first real hero when Kidd won the 22-lap race in the remarkable time of 8:49.2. Never in track history, indoors or out, has anyone so young run so far so fast. He reached the finish line five yards ahead of Peter McArdle, a balding, 31-year-old Irishman from New York, and 35 yards ahead of Fred Norris, the endearing looking 39-year-old Englishman who is now a freshman at McNeese State in Louisiana (see page 28).

The time was fast and the race was close, but it was the Toronto schoolboy's exuberant, extravagant and unmistakably youthful running style that drew the crowd's excited attention almost immediately. He runs up on the tips of his toes and carries his shoulders high. His feet reach out almost like a pair of hands to clutch the track ahead, and he pumps his arms awkwardly, far out in front of him like a telephone operator at a busy plug-in switchboard. His face (high cheekbones, narrow eyes), topped by a blond crew-cut, expresses the friendly cockiness of youth.

While Norris, running indoors for the first time, and McArdle exchanged the lead through a 4:24 mile and a 6:40 mile and a half, Kidd shuttled back and forth behind them in the five-man field, first sprinting wildly up into third place, then peeling back over his shoulder and dropping behind once again. It seemed a certainty that this erratic, uneven pace would leave the youngster exhausted and rubber-legged long before the finish. But with half a mile to go, just when by all logic he should have been falling back for the final time, Kidd spurred ahead. He shot by Norris with just under five laps remaining in the race and opened up a quick 15-yard lead on the startled McArdle, who sprinted past Norris after him. McArdle, a very strong cross-country

runner, narrowed the margin to five yards once or twice, but each time he did so, Kidd, after a quick look over his shoulder, produced another burst of speed and pulled away again, holding his lead to the end.

His youth is only one of the remarkable things about Bruce Kidd, who will not be 18 until July 26. He is a strong and muscular runner for his age, 5 feet 8½ inches, 135 pounds, but his competitive career goes back only two and a half years. Distance running is considered so strenuous for high school age athletes that many states in the U.S. do not allow any distance over one mile on their high school programs. In fact, Boston K. of C. meet director Ding Dussault wanted to enter Kidd in the mile.

"I figured the boy was so young," he said, "that an indoor two-mile race would be too hard on him." But Kidd, who is an honor student at Malvern Collegiate High School and who had come down from Toronto primarily to take his entrance examinations for Harvard (which may have trouble keeping him now), talked his way into the two-mile. He was well prepared for the distance. He trains up to 20 miles a day and had posted two-mile times of 9:18 (in competition) and 9:09 (in practice) before coming to Boston. His school has no track team so Kidd competes for the East York Track Club and is just about the best distance runner in Canada.

"We figured he had to start somewhere," said his coach, Fred Foot, "and it had to be a soft spot. Off past times, Boston had to be it. I just didn't realize how fast the other runners would be. Bruce's job was to stay close to the pace and then push hard with something between seven and nine laps to go. I've made a study of it and I've figured that all distance runners tend to weaken about then. They had a lull there tonight so we went out after them."

After the race, which was Kidd's first indoors, though he trains on boards, the Toronto youngster jogged three more times around the track while the crowd cheered loudly. He then climbed quickly into his emerald-green warmup suit, trotted off into the crowded infield, out across the track and into the musty gray



KIDD GETS GAIN FROM LOSER NORRIS

corridors of the Garden itself. "I've got to warm down," he explained. When cornered later, still jogging restlessly, he added: "I don't think running indoors is too much different from anything else except that there are more laps and my feet are blistered. I didn't even notice the crowd until they started yelling at the end."

Compared to Kidd's performances, everything else seemed an anticlimax. Villanova's Frank Budd, fifth in the Olympic 100-meter final at Rome, won the 50-yard dash. Joe Mullins, a Nebraska senior who graduates in two weeks, took the 600; Deacon Jones, a two-time Olympic steeple-chaser, upset favored Ed Moran in a 4:07.8 mile; and Ernie Cunniffe, another Olympian, indicated that he would be a man to watch indoors with a smart 2:10.2 win in the 1,000.

But this year's K. of C. games will be remembered for the excitement and promise shown by young Bruce Kidd. Still a half year away from turning 18, Kidd has now become the fifth-fastest two-miler ever to run indoors. His showing at Boston has set up the possibility of some spectacular David vs. Goliath duels with the talented veterans of U.S. distance running—Luzulo Tabori, Allan Lawrence, Bill Dellinger, Jim Beatty and Max Truex. In fact, the once drab two-mile run may take its place as the glamour event of the winter track season.

—C. WILLY BROWN



JUMPING FLAG, MOTORCYCLISTS ROAR OFF ACROSS DESERT IN A SWIRL OF DUST AS OTHERS NERVOUSLY AWAIT STARTER'S SIGNAL

DEBACLE IN THE DESERT

Motorcycling supposedly had come of age, but at Big Bear it was back in its black denim diapers

by JAMES MURRAY

For 364 somnolent days a year the Lucerne Valley, a floor of the high desert some 35 miles from Victorville, Calif., is a happy hunting ground of rattlesnakes, desert rats, rabbits and road runners. But on the 365th, civilization (if that's the word for it) comes to the Lucerne Valley in the form of about 800 motorcyclists who congregate by truck, jeep, trailer and auto for the world's largest motorized sporting event—the so-called “Big Bear Run.”

The name derives from the fact that in the past 39 years of its existence, this cross-country motorbike dash ran from the town of Lucerne to a place called Big Bear. But this year the California Highway Patrol set its foot down—hard. The cyclists

were restricted to their own marked-out area of the desert, a 153-mile cloverleaf in the sage and scrub spreading from the valley's basin up the side of surrounding truncated hills and back down again—three loops in all, with two screaming runs through the stem of the leaf.

The cyclists would be restricted in other ways, too, the legitimate operators in this lively business hoped. These worthy people have been busy for the past few years trying to erase a well-established public image of the sport as a haven for sideburned delinquents. Some have gone so far as to ask manufacturers not to make accessories like the gallow-high handle bars, known to cyclists as “ape hangers,” which serve no purpose other than to identify the owner as a bonafide wild one, ready for a jug of wine, a small-town raid or a fast game of chicken. The big, bulky machines of the hoodlums' Power divisions, furthermore, were not permitted to enter at Big Bear. In their

place were sporty little racers not even licensed for highway travel. They were expensive enough to encourage a confident feeling that they would be out of the financial reach of cycling's undesirable element.

Alas for such illusions! As the whole gaudy panoply—trailers with flame-striped sides, pickup trucks with tarpaulined cycles on the back and sputtering little sports cars hauling their machines on trailer beds—rendezvoused on the floor of the desert in the pre-dawn, below-freezing hours last week, it was evident that not all the cyclists were the responsible capitalists the sponsoring Orange County Motorcycle Club had hoped for. In fact, some of them looked suspiciously like the apes the American Motorcycle Association would like to hang on its own bars.

There were bearded tough guys in top hats and young swaggers in black leather jackets with “Hell's Angels—Berdoe” painted on the back. There were Brandoesque groups standing around a wood fire passing a gallon jug of wine and mustachioed thugs with pints of applejack stuck in their boots. In short, enough certified kooks to show that the romance had not gone out of California motorcycling altogether.

On the other hand, there were the respectable motorcycle clubs like the California Gophers and The

continued

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WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

Checkers and the quasi-factory teams clustered around the Triumph, Honda, Matchless and Yamaha pits. There were also entrants from Britain and Australia, and even the Japanese champion. Presumably, these guest riders thought they were at an American sporting event like the World Series or Indianapolis.

The start of the Big Bear is always an 800-cycle rodeo, a wild, screaming scramble across a starting line that is haphazardly marked out through the sagebrush. Right up to lineup time roving cyclists seek out information from officials on "which side is best to line up on—where's the course?" The course, however, is kept secret and is marked out by sacks of lime only a few hours before the start.

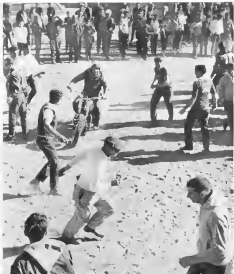
The race is meant to start at 9:30 a.m. sharp, when a banner is flashed from an officials' truck posted some 150 yards in front of the starting line. After the lineup, contestants are expected to cut their engines and not to fire them up again until they sight a smoke bomb on the horizon five minutes before take-off. Finally, they are not supposed to take off until the flag falls.

The noise before the storm

At 9:17 a.m. on this year's race day, long queues of late arrivals were still waiting to put down entry money at the officials' ticket window. A score or more drivers were out swirling around in front of the finish line, testing the terrain. No one had yet cut his engine. A representative of the largest motorcycle distributor in California was strolling along with a sportswriter in front of the starting line, proudly explaining, "We have come a long way in motorcycling. These boys are true sportsmen in every sense of the word and this is an event which will grow. . . ."

As precisely that instant his words were drowned by a sudden terrifying increase in the pitch of the warming engines. He and his companion threw a horrified look to their left—to see an unstoppable scramble of pell-mell motorcycles bearing down on them. Wild-eyed riders were pouring on the coal. In undignified rout the official and his friend dashed for safety.

The premature starters demoralized the whole line. Others started,



OIL CAN IN HAND, PITMAN SCURRIES OUT OF PATH OF INCOMING RAGER

came back, panicked and started off again in wild pursuit. Out on the course the startled pilots testing the terrain turned tail and ran out ahead of the pack. Dismayed officials stood wringing their hands. "Call them back! You've got to call them back!" screamed the starting truck. "How?" asked the starting marker staccato. It was a good question. But the worst was yet to come.

In the Big Bear Run, to eliminate cheating, machines are given a secret crayon mark on the fuselage at the start and at each of the secret check points on the course. When the first bikes streamed into the first check points sans starters' checks, the checkers there silently and without explanation scrawled a huge crayoned "X" on each fuselage. The drivers paid little attention, but the pit crews spotted the cryptic mark and when later drivers pulled into the pits without X's (the absence of which, as it happens, signified that they were *legitimate* contestants), the crewmen promptly scrawled X's on those fuselages to help the drivers out. It was the worst disservice they could have performed, and it turned the race into a debacle.

The riders—late and early starters

—found the course only with great difficulty, and some resorted to a desperate game of follow-the-leader. Frequently this turned the game into an 80-mile-an-hour blindman's buff. Natural hazards were unforeseeable, and from time to time the carnage made it appear someone had thrown a hand grenade in the midst of the pack. By midrace the toll read: two broken arms, one broken back, five dislocated shoulders, two multiple rib fractures and a plethora of minor leg injuries.

It became clear that no driver could be declared winner. Those who weren't wounded were insisting that they had waited patiently at the starting line for as much as 20 minutes after the rolling start and no starting checker came near them. Legitimate starters had telltale X's, thanks to their well-meaning friends. Claims and counterclaims would have raged until well into the summer. The sponsoring Orange County Motorcycle Club did the only thing it could do. It ruled the 1961 Big Bear Run "no contest," and motorcycling, no matter what its good intentions, had once again given itself a hard boot in its black denim trousers.

END

LIKE A REAL CHAMPION

Photograph by Herb Silverman



Paul Pender wins a fight and a little more respect for his claim to the middleweight title

by GILBERT ROGIN

As a critic of boxing, Paul Pender, the soulful middleweight champion of Massachusetts, New York and Europe, could not have looked with great favor upon his bloody fight with Terry Downes in Boston last week. "Who needs this type of abuse?" he has declaimed, with a "psychogymnastic" gesture, on the travail of a prizefighter. "Anyone's stupid to want to think of fighting. There are millions of better things to do, especially when you're 30 years old."

"Psychogymnastics," he claims, is the art, or perhaps it's the science, of moving one's body significantly while performing, as in oratory. Pender picked it up at the Staley College of the Spoken Word, a Boston gymnasium where he also studied argumentation and debate, semantics, Shakespeare and prosody.

"When two people get hit," he goes on in his rueful way, "they revert to their baser natures. Some fighters love to fight, but they're differently motivated, I suppose. I fight to accumulate money. I don't think normal, everyday living should consist of getting whacked around. I never thought people were born for this: to destroy one another."

To which Terry Downes agreeably counters: "If he thinks that way, he's not going about it, is he? We can't all be saints and have no sinners. Think of all the cops that'd be out of work."

Pender regards himself as one of the few surviving prizefighters who believe in "manipulation . . . not that

GALLANTLY ATTACKING to the bloody end, Terry Downes carries fight to Pender.

savage, vicious stuff. Boxing should be manipulation, working out a puzzle, putting the pieces together into an end. That's the satisfying part of the whole thing—to plan, to analyze, to stay with a pattern until it's successful. When I'm in the ring, I don't think of hitting a person. No, it's not humanitarianism. It's just that hitting is only part of the objective. Blood and guts is not the purpose of fighting. But the fans, through the debasement of the sport and deterioration of the caliber of fighter, have been de-educated. The trend is swinging toward the brutes."

In a sense, Downes, the jaunty British champion ("He's a bit of a flash boy," one Cockney greengrocer over for the fight confided), is a brute. But he, too, finds fist fighting "not very pleasant." In fact, he intends to "pack it in" when he is 27. He is 24. "Seven years," he says, "is enough of punishing your head. Other guys go out," he complains wistfully, "while every night I'm going to bed. I never get a chance to take my wife out dancing. It's terrible hard on her. We're two young lives, and you can't throw them away for the sake of the dollar. I don't want to be the richest fighter in the world. I just want to be one of the boys and run around and enjoy myself. Nothing big, nothing elaborate. Just living everybody else's life. But I'm lazy. I'd be working hard for somebody if I wasn't. But I don't like work. I only had one job in my life, running copy for a newspaper. Running! I'd get me a cup of coffee on the way."

Being a brute, Downes was made to order for Pender, a responsible, stately counterpuncher who parts his hair in the middle and uses, almost exclusively, a jab and a series of short, rapid, consecutive hooks off the jab. Since his right hand has been broken four times in a fitful career, he punches with it sparingly. Downes, like most brutes, likes to come recklessly forward: awkward, milling, hooking to the body with both hands.

The first round started predictably enough, Pender jabbing Downes's face a cheerless red, and Terry plunging in. Suddenly, Pender flushed a right hook which traveled perhaps a foot. Downes fell down like London Bridge, pulling Pender on top of him. "There is an exhilarating thrill that runs through you at a championship fight," Pender grudgingly

admits. Downes was up at seven.

In the second Pender began hooking off the jab and nicked Downes along the right eye, the first of several cuts. Downes won the third, largely by hanging beneath Pender's guard, whacking him noisily. "Naturally," Pender said later, "you feel every punch, but none hurt me."

The fourth round was, as the British press dolefully remarked afterward, "a bloody shame." It was then that Pender cut a ragged, vertical gash in Downes's nose. It was so deep that Downes bled freely through the nostrils. Downes is a bleeder; he had been knocked out four times previously, each time on cuts. Referee Bill Connelly stopped the fight to ask Downes whether he wanted to continue. Downes did, of course, and Pender continued to break his hooks off on Terry's bloody nose.

Dan Florio, the best cut-and-corner man in the game, had been hired for this eventuality. But, though he had been promised a free hand, Downes's handlers interfered with his work when he tried to patch Downes up between rounds; random, desperate hands fiddled with the nose. Florio, still trying to do a proper job at the bell, had to be shoved from the ring by Connelly. The makeshift repairs never took, and the strategy went sour besides. "It was a waste of time," Dan said bitterly.

In the fifth Downes, sensing that he must knock Pender out before the

fight was stopped or he became completely nauseated by swallowing blood, ceased to advance in a crouch, which had been his only defense. He began, disastrously, to stand up and punch for the head, his chin hanging out, as Cus D'Amato once said, "like a lantern in a storm." It was Pender's pudding. Previously, Paul had been trying to bring Downes up with a few more feints than he normally uses; now it was done for him. "I had decided," said Pender later, "that I wasn't going to go crazy with his style. I knew that fighting from the outside would be effective over a long period of time but I went in to show him I could fight."

And Pender went in hooking as, stumbling over his feet, Downes courageously fought back. At the end of the sixth, the doctor, who had made regular house calls to Downes's corner, told Connelly to stop the fight if the nose opened again. At 0:37 of the seventh Connelly did. It was a just, merciful conclusion.

It was Pender's best fight, if not as manipulative as he had expected. He showed, in the savage, vicious stuff, that, for a tennis player, he could give and take pretty good.

As for Terry Downes, his dad said, "There's another day." And Terry said, "That's my luck." But it really isn't a matter of another day or luck. Plenty of stamina, pluck, strength are not quite ever enough. You need "psychogymnastics," too. **END**



LOSER BY A NOSE. Downes is attended (left) by Dan Florio, then congratulates Pender, whose nose has quite a slant of its own. Downes's cut required 13 stitches



THE RPI BENCH watches anxiously as Princeton threatens goal in a game that RPI finally won 11-8. At far end of bench is volatile, 41-year-old RPI coach, Ned Harkness, who took over direction of the Engineer hockey squad 10 years ago, four years later led them to the NCAA championship. At right: Harvard and second-place winner, New Brunswick, fight for puck at center ice.

Ripping Time for RPI

The expressions on the faces at left and right reflect with accuracy the feelings of the student engineers at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute toward their favorite game. What football is to most great state universities, what basketball is to many a confined city college, hockey is to RPI, a small-town but select technical school in upstate Troy, N.Y. Relatively unknown in the sports world a decade ago, Rensselaer in the last 10 years has developed a first-class artificial rink, a top-flight coach, local enthusiasm and the native skills of some of its Canadian students into what is currently the No. 1 college hockey team in the East. The team is shown here in its recent tournament with Princeton, Harvard and Canada's University of New Brunswick. RPI won.

Photographs by James Dreke





DIMINUTIVE WINGMAN TREVOR KAYE (5 FEET 3), RPI'S LEADING SCORER, PLEADS FOR A VICTORY OVER NEW BRUNSWICK TEAM

Drawing by Jack Kana

BRIGHT NEW DAY FOR AN ANCIENT SWISS VILLAGE

After sleeping through a thousand winters in the long shadow of the Matterhorn, the tiny village of Zermatt has suddenly grown into the world's No. 1 ski resort

by ROY TERRELL

For almost a thousand years the little village of Zermatt dozed quietly in a high Alpine valley, its jewel-like beauty hemmed in by a dozen great peaks, its existence ignored by all but a handful of men. Then, nearly a hundred years ago, Zermatt became famous. An Englishman named Whymper made a memorable climb and, in the summers since, hundreds upon thousands of adventurers and travelers and just plain tourists have gone to Zermatt. They sniffed the mountain wildflowers and ogled the incredible scenery and smiled at the quaint little cabins and the ancient customs of the people. But most of all they came to climb the most famous mountain in the world—that stark, beautiful monolith of rock and ice and snow that rises abruptly 14,701 feet into the sky to the southwest of Zermatt. This is the peak the French call Mont Cervin and the Italians Monte Cervino; to all others it is the Matterhorn.

Until recently the invading hordes would depart at the end of summer,

and the old Swiss families and their somewhat startled cows could relax once again to face the deep snows and long, lonely cold of an Alpine winter. Today, however, the people of Zermatt relax no more. For when summer ends, a new group of invaders comes into the valley, clothed in thick, brilliantly colored sweaters, tight stretch pants and heavy boots, a group whose numbers increase with startling rapidity every year. Instead of climbing the mountains on foot, they ride up on chair lifts and cable cars and cog railways; then they flash across the vast snow fields and swivel through the wooded trails. They are the skiers, and they come to enjoy what is quite likely the finest ski area in the world.

Historically, this army of winter tourists was late in discovering Zermatt. The town is located deep in the southernmost corner of Switzerland, and more accessible resorts along the 700-mile length of the Alps developed first: Chamonix, Davos, Gstaad, St. Moritz, Garmisch, St. Anton. But

once the skiers discovered Zermatt it grew quickly and soon began to surpass the older resorts.

The reasons are easy to see. First, there is beauty, for if Zermatt is lovely in summer it is breathtaking in the wintertime. A little river bubbles musically through the valley and village, over boulders encrusted with ice. The old hotels and new chalets and humble cottages of the natives, like the pine trees on the lower slopes, wear a crown of snow. The great peaks appear at once both more formidable and majestic as the dazzling winter sun bounces with shocking intensity off their glaciers and cornices and ridges. And at night, when the moon gleams on the deep, fresh snow and stars look so near and so bright, the mountains seem to close in solidly on all sides, making one feel very small.

Then there is the atmosphere. Zermatt has fine food and wine, fashionable hotels and a great deal of after-ski night life. Skiers arrive by the trainload from other Swiss towns, from France, Germany and Belgium,



other resort in Europe or the U.S. can match Zermatt's endless variety of slopes and trails with their different terrains, different altitudes, different exposures and different snow conditions. Rising above the little town, which sits at a height of 5,315 feet, there are three main ski districts, tied together by a gigantic web of lifts, tows, cable cars and cog railways. All the major lifts rise from town or from the edge of it; and one of the things that makes Zermatt unique is that every single run, if carried to the bottom, ends up back in town—not two miles north or 10 blocks south but right there.

The Schwarzsee district to the southwest is reached by a two-stage *Mûlphérique*, or aerial cable car, which zooms up the approaches to the Matterhorn, gaining more than 3,000 feet in altitude in 11 minutes' running time. At the top a new hotel is under construction, scheduled to open in June. Below there are two good steep runs down to Furi at the midway station of the *Mûlphérique* and a gentle trip the rest of the way to Zermatt. There is also an easy trail that swings away from Schwarzsee to the west and then straddles for a long traverse back to Furi. And just below Schwarzsee to the east a disk lift takes skiers up to the lowest part of the Furgg Glacier.

More popular, however, is the Blauherd-Sunnegga district bordering Zermatt on the northeast side. A very fast double chair lift rises in 11 minutes to Sunnegga Station at 7,480 feet. Sunnegga has a snack bar, a good restaurant and a large porch with a southern exposure where skiers like to unlace their boots, pull off their parkas, drink beer and bask in the sun. A long T bar runs up the ridge from Sunnegga to Blauherd, and since Blauherd opens up so many avenues for skiers of so many different skills, the waiting lines frequently include 200 impatient souls tramping each other with skis.

The runs down are worth the wait, worth even ski poles in the rib cage. From Blauherd straight back down to Sunnegga, there is a beautiful open slope that can be handled by an early intermediate skier. The late intermediate should head down to Findeln, which nestles in the small valley to the southeast of the Sunnegga-Blau-

herd ridge. This is the run called Paradise where, in the months from March to May between the hours of 11 and 3 one finds some of the finest corn-snow slopes in all Europe. There is also a beginners' trail to Findeln from Sunnegga Station with a single chair lift back up.

To get back down to Zermatt from Sunnegga the novice rides the chair. The intermediate takes the Standard course or the Tuftern trail and at the end may be pardoned for feeling that he has both learned and accomplished something (how to fall, if nothing else). The advanced skier goes back up to Blauherd and then down the National course with frequent stops along the way. The National is one of Europe's great downhill courses, and this is the spot where Switzerland's Roger Staub trained last winter before winning the giant slalom at Squaw Valley. But the show place of Zermatt, the area that brings the best skiers in the world to this far-off Alpine valley, is the Gornergrat district.

Gornergrat commuters

Eight new railway cars with an alleged capacity of 110 skiers (they frequently carry almost 150) wind their way up the Gornergrat mountain track as Zermatt shrinks to a toy village behind; up past Riffelberg, where there is a large hotel; past Rotenboden, through tunnels built for avalanche protection; up to the top, where the castlelike Kulm hotel sits majestically at a height of more than 10,000 feet. The entire trip up the cog railway covers nearly 5,000 vertical feet in 50 minutes, including stops. This spring, when the railway company adds four more cars, the new express run will make the haul in 36 minutes flat. The new trains may also relieve congestion slightly, so that riders will feel less as if they have been taking a summer Sunday afternoon trip to Coney Island on the subway.

Meanwhile, no one really seems to mind the sardinelike accommodations. You can find gay talk in many languages, and laughter, and new friendships (a thing almost unavoidable after sitting on a strange lap for 50 minutes). At the top there is the breathtaking panorama of 37 peaks rising to altitudes of 11,000 feet and more.

Part of the charm of the Gornergrat district is that anyone can ski up

there. The novice takes a gentle series of open slopes back to Riffelberg, repeats the run several times, then rides the train down. For the average skier there is the standard descent over treeless snow fields down to Riffelalp, then through the forest trails the rest of the way to Zermatt. Or he can go to Findeln directly from Gornergrat. This run, although steeper and more difficult, is one of the oldest, most famous and still most beautiful around. The better skiers, however, prefer to get aboard the Gornergrat-Hohtalligrat-Stockhorn *Téléphérique* and ride for another 12 minutes out to the summit ridge of the Stockhorn itself. There begin the sweeping runs through deep powder that are the pride and joy of all Zermatt. These are all open slopes forming a huge, steep snow bowl. It is possible to come down in a series of long traverses; but it is also possible, and far nobler, to plummet in a swirl of powder down the fall line to Findeln, then finish out the run back to Zermatt, a total distance of six miles.

Then there is another, even more exciting, possibility. By combining what the Gornergrat and Blauherd districts have to offer one can map out a day-long itinerary of downhill running of almost unbelievable variety and perfection. Here is an example: 1) After breakfast take the 9:30 train to Gornergrat and the *Mûlphérique* to Stockhorn. 2) Ski the deep powder down to Findeln. 3) Ride the chair lift up to Sunnegga and the T bar to Blauherd. 4) Ski the corn slopes down to Findeln. 5) Ride the chair lift back to Sunnegga and have lunch there on the porch in the sun. 6) Take the T bar to Blauherd. 7) Run the National down to Zermatt. 8) Drop dead. Of course, there are some, full of youth and vitamins, who go back to run the National again before an evening of dancing.

Zermatt has still one thing more to offer—glacier skiing, with one of the famous Zermatt guides, who climb the Matterhorn all summer like

continued

Massive spine of Matterhorn looks down on pretty skier posing in spring sun on upper slopes of Gornergrat

Photographs by Martin E. Newman





Piling off at summit station of Gornergrat Railway, skiers pause for



view of Matterhorn (left) before starting long run back to Zermatt



Pouring whisky over the haggis on Burns' Night, a high point of the Scottish year.

Is Chivas Regal's secret the mist from the moors?

Allan Baillie, chief blender of *Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky*, believes that the success of the Scots, in much that they do, lies in their fierce dedication to the traditions of their land.

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THEIR SKIS WHIPPING UP CLOUDS OF POWDER, THREE INSTRUCTORS FROM ZERMATT SKI SCHOOL SHOOT DOWN STEEP HEADWALL

ZERMATT *continued*

housewives going upstairs and work as instructors all winter in the magnificent ski school. One of the most popular glacier tours goes up Monte Rosa. There are two ways to get up there: First, you can climb. You leave Rothenboden after lunch, ski down to the Gorner Glacier, then walk two hours to the Monte Rosa hut at 9,180 feet, where you spend the night. The next morning, after a 4 o'clock breakfast, you leave the hut and begin to climb. In seven hours you are on top of the Dufourspitze which, at 15,203 feet, is the highest of the six peaks of the Monte Rosa uplift. It is time for lunch but, since no one has much of an appetite, a little sugar and tea will do. Then you ski down to Zermatt in three hours. If you would rather not climb, you call up Hermann Geiger, the famous moun-

tain-rescue pilot. For 80 francs (\$18.60) Geiger will bring one of his ski-equipped light planes up from Sion and deposit you on the Lysjoch saddle just below Dufourspitze in a matter of 15 minutes. This is much simpler, if one has 80 francs—and the stomach for mountain flying.

You can reach the glaciers below the Théodule Pass, which leads down into Italy, the same way. From Théodule one skis down into Breuil, an Italian resort whose name Mussolini once changed, more or less formally, to Cervinia. The Italians long ago constructed lifts back up to the pass on their side, so it is possible to make this 25-mile round trip easily in one day. No passports are required and the route is safe (smugglers have been using it for years). However, the Swiss guides, who take great pride in their safety record as well as the marvelous craftsmanship of things me-

chanical made in Switzerland, are inclined to shudder at the thought of allowing one of their clients to ride Italian lifts.

Zermatt's big project for the immediate future is to build a téléphérique of its own all the way from town to the summit ridge behind the Klein (Little) Matterhorn. This will enable skiers without 80 francs to make the great, long glacier runs every day if they choose, turning right to tour the Gorner Glacier, turning left for the Furgg Glacier or stopping off at the pass to descend into Italy.

And when the great new téléphérique begins to run, Zermatt will become the first and only resort in the world that can offer skiing—good skiing served by good lifts—12 months a year. No skier could ask for more than that; and when the time comes, no skier may ever leave Zermatt at all.

END

THE OLDEST FRESHMAN

by BARBARA HEILMAN

At an age when most men are nostalgic about school and apprehensive about paunches, Fred Norris is a college boy and a champion runner

Thirty-nine is an age much favored by ladies of 50, people who believe that life begins at 40, and Jack Benny, but by and large an athlete does not expect it to mark the high point of his career. However, Distance Runner Fred Norris has pursued his career without much attention to probabilities. Last November, at 39, he finished second in the National AAU cross-country championship, and three weeks ago he won the Sugar Bowl 5,000-meter run. Norris did not even take up running until he was almost 27, but uncompromising training and an almost monomaniacal dedication have produced an athlete who is approaching 40 and may still be on his way up. In 1954 Norris did experience a qualm. "I gave over this hope of running—I thought I was too old. But I've come back to it." At that time he was a sprout of 33, mining coal in Tyldesley, England. It was not until he was a riper 38 that he took both the British national and the international cross-country championships, and not until he was 39 that he was offered an athletic scholarship and became a freshman in college.

Norris is one of the best long-distance runners in the world. He ran for Britain in the 1952 and 1956 Olympics, and missed Rome in 1960 only because he had injured his back lifting machinery in the mine. In 1959 an English paper said of him, "Since 1952 Norris has improved more than 30 English, British and World records . . . at least 20 of them . . . this year." Two weeks after the national cross-country championship he won the international. Two weeks after that he won the British 10-mile track championship, setting the British, British Empire and British All-Comers records, and picking up the seven-, eight-, nine- and 10-mile English records along the way. He holds the two-hour track record—32 miles 1,610 yards 1 foot and 8 inches.

England is a country which takes its long-distance



CHAMPION FRED NORRIS AND HIS SON, LORRUND, RUN SIDE BY



SIDE, LATER, SIDE BY SIDE, THEY WILL BE DOING THEIR HOMEWORK

running seriously—a country where a field of more than 1,000 will start a cross-country race, throngs will turn out to watch it and champions are invited by the Queen to garden parties. It is in many respects a runner's country, but it cost Norris too much money to run there. The mine stopped his pay every day he was absent. With a salary of some \$27 a week, the cost to him of running in the Empire Games or in the Olympics was crushing. With a wife and a 14-year-old son, it seemed impossible for him to continue. "I saw I had to change jobs, I had to change everything, if I wanted to get anywhere," Norris says. So he did.

He made the difficult decision to emigrate. In the late summer of 1960 he arrived in Lake Charles, La.; and in the early fall McNeese State College, which happens to be located in Lake Charles, offered him an athletic scholarship. Fred Norris accepted and was enrolled as a freshman. In four years, with a degree in elementary education, he hopes to go into coaching.

"I think it's going to work out real well," McNeese Track Coach Charlie Kuehn says enthusiastically. "I didn't realize how good he was [Norris has so far won eight out of 10 races for McNeese], and the rest of the team has really come along nicely since he's been here. They never realized the work it takes to be a good distance runner. I feel the longer they stay with him the better they're going to be. He's like an old puppy dog with a batch of little puppies, the way they follow him around."

It all sounds good. Actually, however, it is going to take both guts and ingenuity as well as dedication to see the four years out. A \$79-a-month scholarship covers the rent but does not even make a gesture toward food and clothing for a family of three. Everything depends on his wife Doris' working, but as Norris says, "there is nothing that would suit her here." She is a weaver, and there is no textile mill within 200 miles of Lake Charles. McNeese is looking for work for her, but so far has been unsuccessful. As it is, the four or five dollars she occasionally earns baby sitting is of no essential help, and they have had to broach their small savings. "She blames me," Norris said one evening in their Lake Charles apartment, when Doris was out of the room. "She says I knew it before she and the boy came over, that there's no work for her. I did know it." Norris himself is not in a position to take on work. At this point he cannot afford a letup in his training, and he is carrying a heavy academic schedule after 25 years out of the classroom.

"I think everybody's impressed with how he's doing with his schoolwork," Kuehn says. "When it's been 25 years since you did any studying, it isn't easy to take it up again. He's doing terrifically in history and geography, and in the English [the only subject Norris is

continued



FRED NORRIS LEAVES ENGLISH MINE WHERE HE WORKED BEFORE COMING TO U.S.

OLDEST FRESHMAN *continued*

failing! I'm sure he'll do real good."

Norris himself isn't sure he'll do real good. "It's not too bad now," he says, "but I hope I can do better. I shall have to spend more time on the studying part. It's the not being used to it. The English—you think you've been talking it good, but then you find you don't know the inside of it—verbs, adverbs, commas, complex sentences. I get so tired. While I was waiting for Doris and the boy to come over, I was living in the dorms. I was just starting my studies, and I didn't know what I was doing. I'd put on my running things and go out, and everything would be all right. Until the next day."

Running is everything to Norris, though it took him a long time to

find it out. He served his apprenticeship and worked for some years in a machine shop, playing soccer with the shop team in his spare time. When he was 26 he realized how much he preferred the conditioning run to the soccer itself, and from that point he was lost (or found, depending on whether you are Doris or Fred). He had to give up the machine shop. "It was night work there, and night work doesn't fit in with training." He went into the mine, the Cleworth Hall Colliery, where his father had worked from the age of 12 and where his brother works today. "Ours is only a small mine. It's about 900 feet down." The walk from the shaft to the coal face was a matter of a mile and a half, about a 30-minute walk, the last half of it through a tunnel 3½ feet high. This was negotiated twice daily in

that duck-walk regarded as a punitive measure by the Army, and payment for the day's work was calculated from arrival at departure from the coal face—working conditions that have improved hardly at all since George Orwell denounced them in 1937. Probably the Norris leg muscles were strengthened by this aspect of work in the mines and, miraculously, his lungs did not suffer from the coal dust. "It should have affected my running, but it never did, maybe because I never worried about it. When I did come out of the mine I was running straightaway. Many's the time I've come up dead tired and gone out and run 12 miles, and run it off."

The mine paid less than the machine shop, and a new shift he requested there, to fit his training schedule, paid less than the old. Since he has been running, Norris has moved steadily down the pay scale, shifting always to jobs that would allow him to train.

"Training, training, it's athletics first, even on holidays," Doris mourns. "Mother always left holding the babe. I've been left alone scores of times, working and taking care of the baby."

"It's true," Fred nodded. "I've always been keen on sport."

"Keen?" Doris said. "Mad absolutely. When he played football he always came home crippled. I remember one Saturday they brought him home, he had four stitches in his knee." (Norris laughed.) "When I'd go to the mill, different ones from the Worsley area would say, 'We've seen Fred this morning, on the road.' Half past 6 in the morning! In Moseley Common, where the bus turns around, the people would see him, and then when they got off the bus at Tyldesley he would pass them again."

"They probably miss me," Norris said. "There were no other runners, not in my area, and they would see me twice a day. I used to run all through the town." He added wistfully, "Back home you got a hill now and then."

Norris at that time was running 10 miles in the morning and 10 miles after work, and training with his team, the Bolton United Harriers. Tyldesley had no team of its own, so he ran for nearby Bolton and did them proud. He will admit that he misses the great crowds that followed distance running at home, and "the club spirit—all the

continued

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Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan

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The Corvair 700 4-Door Sedan



This is the Corvair Greenbrier Sports Wagon. Roomy, eh? As a matter of fact, it has up to twice the space for people and things as regular station wagons. You can order one now, and who could blame you?

Yes, this Corvair 700 Lakewood Station Wagon does have a rear engine. So naturally you enjoy that practically patented Corvair easy handling. Load space? Up to 68 cubic feet—and 10 of it's nestled under that lovable hood!

boys on a weekend, that kind of a race—I can honestly say I miss that. It's difficult in America because the country's big. At home it's so small it's easy to get everyone together." Certainly there isn't the enthusiasm in the U.S. that there was in England, where he ran to shouts of "Good old Fred, go it!"

"And before a big race he's impossible to live with. He's mangy," Doris said, pursuing the subject of Fred's training and pronouncing mangy "monjee"—a splendid word, with all the sense of mangy and the flavor of monstrous.

"Don't call it mangy. Couldn't you call it temperamental?" Fred suggested hopefully.

"Mangy," Doris said. "What did our Edmund say after you won the national? 'He'll be fit to live with now, won't he, Mum!'"

"It's just that before the big races I get a bit keyed up," Norris defended himself. "After, it's straight home and straight to bed. Though I just lie there. I'm not able to sleep."

As to his diet, Norris is not finicky. As he points out, he can't afford to be, but his stomach is sensitive. Before a race he will eat just two boiled eggs and, if the race is an important one, nothing for five hours after it. The water can affect him. "When I went up to Kentucky," he recalls, "you never tasted water like it. I don't know if you've ever tasted the milk of a coconut? It tasted like that. It wasn't nasty, but it could upset your stomach."

Doris' lament has a ritualistic air, that of a complaint duly registered for form's sake by a Doris who has long since affectionately come to terms with her husband's "madness." Indeed, all she really asks is the opportunity to get back to work. "I've known her for 22 years," Norris said, "and she has worked for me nearly all of that time. When were we married? Ah." Was Doris listening? She was. But Norris made a game try. "We know it was during Bolton holiday week, but it falls on a different day every year . . . it was the 29th of June or the first of July. It was 16 years ago. Wasn't it?" He gave up helplessly.

"We met on the monkey run," Doris said. "When we were younger, all the young ones used to walk on a

certain street, up one side and down the other—just Sunday nights, after church."

It is lonely now for Doris in Lake Charles. "She's been used to company, in the mill," Norris says. "And where we lived there was blocks of houses, and the doors are right by one another."

"You just walk down the road and you're at the pictures," Doris said. "Back home, if you should be a bit browned off, you could go out in the street and talk to anyone. But you go out in the road just to walk here

home I had difficulty getting him out, but now it's just the opposite. His distance is about two miles—he has raced the three miles, but mostly twos. There's nobody can touch him. He could be a great prospect if he improves normally."

"He cries when I mention going back," Doris said. "He won't wear any of his clothes from home. When he first came he said about the school, 'I'm not going where there's girls!' You can't keep him away from them now."

"He's certainly looking out for himself," Norris agreed. "Well, it's time."

Father, student, head of a household—Norris is all of these things in a bemused and gentle way. He grapples as best he can with such procedural matters as money and his English course, but his heart is not entirely in them. He speaks of his years in the mine with little emotion: "Well, I guess I didn't hate it. If I'd hated it I suppose I wouldn't have stayed for 12 years." But when the subject changes to so much as an old track shoe, Norris kindles there before your eyes.

At the moment, while the breadwinner is thinking about money and the student is thinking about the English course, the runner is thinking about the Boston Marathon. The long distances are really Norris' home ground, and he talks about the marathon like a little boy talking about a cookie. "That's what I want," he says yearningly. "I haven't been beaten in this kind of race for two years, and I can't see me being beaten now. I could really show them what road running should be, like I did in England." He could indeed, but unless a sponsor presents himself Norris is not going to have the chance. Unlike the indoor meets, the marathon seldom pays expenses.

Norris will do well in this country ultimately. As Kuehn says, "Anybody that's got the determination to pack up everything and move to another country—why, they can do anything! I don't see how he can fail."

But whatever his practical success in the future, it will haunt Norris if he has not run his great Boston Marathon. Eating and being clothed are very good things in their way, but for Fred Norris they aren't in the running with running.

END



WIFE, DORIS, IS CHEERFUL BUT LONELY

and people look at you as if you were crazy. At home, Sunday afternoons everybody was out walking."

These adjustments and the finances and the studies weigh on Norris' mind. "I don't know whether this is the easiest course or not," he says. "Being out of school for so long—the risk is losing all. But I wouldn't go back. The boy has the chance of a better education here, in the long run. If he was back home he would finish school at 15. He could get more of an education by going to night school, but the 15-year-olds don't want to. They're tired from working all day. And Edmund is running well here. He's got all his own things, and he's been better since he's been here. At

RUGGED RELIABILITY TEST: NEW TEMPEST DRIVEN ROUGH AND HARD BY TEAM OF TEENAGERS!



Six of the teenagers photographed at a rest stop in Denver, Colorado. Left to right: Roger Anthony, John Sheffler, Jay Hall, Larry Weber, Jim Bader and Bob Quaid.

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When you turn a couple of new cars over to a team of teenagers, you know the cars will get a real test of performance and durability. That's exactly what Pontiac did last July 1 with a Tempest Sedan and a Tempest Safari! The only instructions: "Keep them moving 24 hours a day. Treat them rough! Pile on the miles! Drive safely. Stick to the traffic laws."

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(Here are the other repairs. Sedan: 18,194 miles—starter solenoid changed. 20,701 miles—windshield cracked by stone. 40,094—left rear back-up light replaced. 62,765 miles—fuel pump replaced. 96,492—generator brushes replaced. 98,549—radiator leak repaired. Wagon: 4,576—light switch replaced. 16,192—stone chip in windshield. 40,591—heater switch connector loose. 51,368 miles—flying rock pierced gas tank. 96,527—generator brushes replaced. 97,210—rear wheel bearing replaced.)

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101,002 TOUGH MILES!
IN 107 DAY ROUND-THE-CLOCK MARATHON



TEMPEST SEDAN POUNDED
100,947 RUGGED MILES!
FROM COAST TO COAST, BORDER TO BORDER

BING AND THE CROSBY

by ALFRED WRIGHT

In 23 years the National Pro-Am has become one of the country's distinguished golfing events. For its 24th the Crosby's creator looks over this color album of his tournament and reminisces fondly about its past

The cold sits heavy in the ground in a great part of the country, but not in California. There the crack of the driver is heard in the land. While businessmen skip out early for an hour or two on the practice tee, the touring pros, most of them still working the kinks out of their winter swings and the hesitations out of their putters, are moving north from the Los Angeles and San Diego open toward the Monterey Peninsula. So is the rest of the golfing fraternity. For the third weekend of January brings the "Crosby Clambake," or what is now officially called the National Pro-Amateur Golf Championship.

The Crosby, as almost everybody now recognizes, ranks with the Masters in April and the Open in June, each in its own way the most distinguished golfing event on the American sporting calendar. It is played at Pebble Beach, a spectacularly verdant seaside resort about 100 miles south of San Francisco.

Almost always, the Crosby brings with it the year's foulest weather. This was prophetically so when Bing

Crosby started the tournament 24 years ago as a two-day pro-amateur golfing party for his friends. At the time Crosby owned a place near Rancho Santa Fe, a bucolic golfing spot between Los Angeles and San Diego. The rain was so bad the first day that roads and bridges were washed out (Richard Arlen, the actor, forded a swollen stream on foot to get there). After a couple of hours there was such a puddle on the first tee that a flock of mallards mistook it for a lake and landed. Eventually Crosby decided to postpone the tournament for the day, and those who could muster shotguns went duck hunting. The next day the sun came out and young Sam Snead became the winner of the first Crosby.

In the years since, the Crosby has grown in stature and importance (in 1958 it went on the air as a nationwide TV show, with Crosby himself as M.C.), but it has never lost the spirit that motivated that first day's play. Hardly anyone is now alive who isn't familiar with the casual friendliness Crosby has managed to pass along to his golf tournament despite the fact

that it is now a major four-day sports classic with a total purse of \$50,000. Last week as Crosby sat in the living room of his house in Beverly Hills he reminisced about some of the highlights of previous Crosbys.

"They had a great, great golf course at Rancho Santa Fe when we started," he recalled. "There was a free weekend on the tour then, so I thought it would be fun to get a bunch of pros and some of the top amateurs together for a couple of days of golf. That first time we had 78 pros and 78 amateurs, some of the real good amateurs around here like Johnny Dawson and Roger Kelly.

"There was one time a few years back when it must have rained as hard as you've ever seen it," he went on. "That was the year Jimmy Demaret won, and on this particular day we'd given him an early starting time so he could do a show with me for the Army over at Fort Ord. Jimmy had had a pretty good round under the circumstances, a 75 I think. Well, it went on raining so bad they finally phoned me from Fort Ord and asked if they couldn't call the thing off for the day. Demaret was standing there with me, and he said, 'What rain? Why, this is a beautiful day. Down in Texas on a day like this we'd be packing our baskets with sandwiches and getting ready for a picnic

continued



Rain-soaked Ken Venturi drives at Pebble Beach's forbidding 18th



Wasteland of sand to the right of Cypress Point's 8th fairway



adds to miseries of wind and rain for pushed or sliced drive



Golfer in the trees at Pebble's 16th attracts a sodden crowd

in the country.' I just didn't have the heart to call the exhibition off.'

Many golfers, Ben Hogan included, have picked the 18th hole at Pebble Beach—the one Ken Venturi is driving in the photograph on page 39—as the greatest finishing hole on any golf course in America. It doglegs to the left along the shore of Carmel Bay, and it measures 540 yards. Countless times in the 15 years since Crosby moved his tournament to Pebble Beach a pro-amateur twosome has come to this final hole needing just a par for victory, only to drive both their balls into the water. Playing safely to the right is to risk going out of bounds.

One of Crosby's favorite stories about the 18th concerns the time an amateur named Bill Hoelle drove his second shot onto the rocky beach to the left of the fairway. Hoelle took a four-iron out of his bag and banged his next shot 150 yards or so right off the rocks and over the sea wall, onto the green and into the hole for a 3, giving him a net 2 on the hole with the handicap stroke he was allowed.

"Hoelle was working for Minute Maid, a company in which I had an interest at the time," Crosby said with a chuckle. "I was standing on the green when it happened and announcing the incoming players to a crowd of about 20,000. I was feeling pretty good, because the team I'd bought in the Calcutta was leading the tournament until then. But that shot of Hoelle's won the tournament. As he came up to the green I announced to the crowd, 'The man who just hit that wonderful shot, ladies and gentlemen, was Bill Hoelle, formerly of Minute Maid. From now on he will be selling French fried almonds at Atascadero.'"

For some time now one of the happiest fixtures of the Crosby has been Phil Harris, the former bandleader who is one of Crosby's closest friends. Harris likes to bill himself as playing out of the Jack Daniel's Country Club, but for all his self-deprecating comedy he is a very serviceable 7- or 8-handicap golfer. In 1951 he won the tournament in partnership with Dutch Harrison, thanks to a marvelous 40-foot putt that he sank on the enormous,

undulating 17th green at Pebble Beach after Harrison had put his tee shot into the water.

"A few years ago," as Crosby tells it, "Harris was playing with Doug Ford, and it was one of those real windy days. Harris had been all over the course with that big banana ball slice of his. When they came to the 16th Harris had a putt for a 4. Well, you know Ford. He's a man of few words and he likes to play golf quickly. So Harris looks over his putt and then he looks at Ford and asks how he ought to hit it. Ford takes one look and says, 'Just keep it low.'"



A casual Crosby stands at the 16th of Pebble Beach as Jimmy Demaret lines up putt.

In recent years Crosby has had to forego playing in order to ride herd on all the administrative duties he has to supervise during the weekend. But before he quit competing, he almost won the tournament in partnership with Dick Metz. "There's a horrible story connected with that," said the founder with a wince. "Metz and I were right up there in the lead when we reached the 17th green on the last day. Dick's in the bunker, but I'm on the green with a six-footer for a birdie. If I sink it we'll probably win. So I'm standing up to the ball and giving it all this fancy business with my putter and wagging the club back and forth, and the first thing you know I knock the ball backward about three or four feet. That's one stroke, and naturally I miss the

putt coming back, so we lose the tournament."

Even though Crosby has given up competing, his personality still saturates the four days of this delightfully soggy event. For the occasion he opens up the spacious modern house he owns on the border of the 134th fairway of the Pebble Beach course. He usually makes a bachelor weekend of it, inviting half a dozen or so of his friends to stay with him there. During the first three days, before the field is cut to the low 60 pro-amateur teams and the low 60 pros, Crosby follows the play on any of the three extraordinarily lovely courses that meander through the pine and cypress forests and across the sandy expanses of the Monterey Peninsula. With the starting field of the Crosby now grown to 300, each team now plays one round at Pebble Beach, one at Cypress Point Club and one at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. On the last day the final 60 teams finish up at Pebble Beach.

Crosby not only supervises the selection of those who get the precious bids to his tournament but he also tries to chat at least briefly with every one of the golfers he knows personally. In addition, he tapes radio shows, works in a few parties at the houses of friends in the neighborhood and often does a show for the Fort Ord soldiers. On Sunday night following the final round he gives an enormous steak dinner for all the competitors at which he himself awards the \$50,000 worth of

prizes that go to the pros and the hand-wrought silver pitchers and bowls and plates that go to the winning amateurs. That done, Crosby emcees a show that money couldn't buy. Phil Harris gets the laughs started, Jimmy Demaret sings, Lionel Hebert plays his horn, Don Cherry croons, Bob Hope clowns it up and the host himself delivers the kind of melody that made all this possible in the first place.

Year in and year out the Crosby is most likely the wettest, ruggedest golfing test in the country. But the 50,000 people who turn out to watch, and the more than 4,000 amateurs who always apply for the 150 starting places have learned how to overlook the elements. To them the Crosby is winter's real treat.

END

A bold single-seater from

It's the very model of a modern road-racing car, but it's meant only for research, says Chevy

Wed though it is to efficiency and mass production, Detroit cannot suppress an impulse to give romance—here defined as motor sport—an occasional whirl. The latest manifestation of this cautious courtship is a research vehicle from Chevrolet. Shown in detail on these pages, this prototype of what could be a racing car is remarkably attuned to the up-to-date, rear-engined, independently sprung European Grand Prix automobiles that compete for the world road-racing championship.

Called the CERV-I, this light, low, long-nosed car was first shown publicly at the recent United States Grand Prix. Within a few weeks it will be put through exhibition runs on the International Speedway at Daytona Beach, Fla. during the annual Daytona Speed Weeks. It will perform on both the high-speed banked track and the infield road course.

But neither at Daytona nor anywhere else will the CERV-I actually be raced in the foreseeable future. Why not? Chevrolet stoutly insists

that the car is a "test platform from which direct visual studies may be made into all types of ride and handling behavior under amplified conditions." Zora Arikus-Duntov, the Chevrolet engineer responsible for its design, likens the car to a microscope, capable of penetrating more deeply into such fundamental concerns as improved steering, braking, cornering and ride stability. "Without the microscope you would know only that people are sick," Arikus-Duntov says. "You would not be able to isolate the bacillus."

All well and good. What intrigues motor sportmen is that Chevrolet has chosen, for this particular microscope, a single-seater that echoes the latest Grand Prix practices—most noticeably in the matter of a rear engine—and has included racing circuits among its field laboratories.

It will be remembered that the Detroit automakers joined hands in 1957 and vowed to forsake motor racing. Each of the Big Three had more or less openly dabbled in stock-car racing, and Chevy had just ventured to put an all-out sports racing car, the Corvette SS, into the Sebring 12-hour international event. Their decision to quit the sport was undoubtedly influenced by several mem-

bers of Congress who were casting a fishy eye at Detroit's horsepower race and presumably anything else that smacked of speed.

But racing is addictive. Last year, for instance, Chevrolet's profound interest in the performance of three more or less standard Corvette sports cars entered in the Le Mans 24-hour race was only partly masked by the fact that they were officially managed by Briggs Cunningham. European racing men reacted with stunned admiration to the Corvettes' straight-away speed, and although early accidents removed two cars, the third finished the race honorably.

Light and powerful

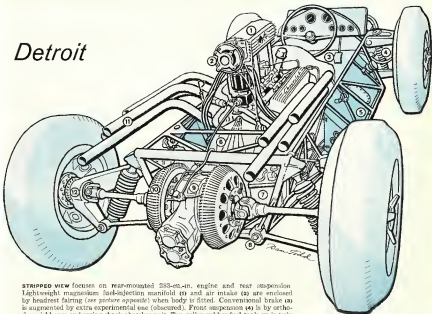
Chevy's new car reflects the racing man's constant search for lighter components and increased power. Weighing only 1,500 pounds, it is equipped with an ultralightweight fuel-injection version of the basic 283-cu.-in. Chevrolet V-8 engine. The engine weighs just 350 pounds, some 175 pounds having been pared off through the use of light alloys, and develops 350 hp, or one hp for each pound of weight.

Independent suspension systems go with rear engines like gasoline with combustion. They are inherently more



SLEEK CHEVY CERV-I SHOWS ITS SPEED. LIKE EUROPEAN GRAND PRIX CARS, IT IS REAR-ENGINE, INDEPENDENTLY SPRUNG

Detroit



STRIPPED VIEW focuses on rear-mounted 233-cu.-in. engine and rear suspension. Lightweight magnesium fuel-injection manifold (1) and air intake (2) are enclosed by headrest fairing (see picture opposite) when body is fitted. Conventional brake (3) is augmented by extra experimental one (obscured). Front suspension (4) is by orthodox wishbones and spring shock-absorber unit. Ten-gallon rubber fuel tank (5) is twin of one on opposite side. Clutch housing (6) is also of magnesium. Battery (7) is light aircraft type. Rear-wheel camber can be varied by adjustment of anchor bolt (8). Differential (9) is coupled with gearbox (obscured) and is flanked by inboard brakes (10). Exhaust pipes (11) are of tuned length for extra hp. Rear suspension (12) incorporates forward thrust arm, axle shaft, lower link and spring shock-absorber assembly.

compact than any solid-axle system combined with a rear engine. Further, they give greater flexibility in the adjustment of handling behavior. The CERV-I's arrangement includes two transverse links to control each wheel's vertical motion and a third, extending forward from wheel hub to frame, to transmit driving and braking thrust. The upper transverse links are merely the axle shafts doing double duty. Four-speed transmission and differential are conjoined as a "trans-axle." The drum-type rear brakes are mounted inboard, as were those of the regrettably short-lived SS. Like that of the standard Corvette, the body is made of a fiber-glass plastic.

As it stands, the CERV-I has too much engine to be admitted to any

competitive arena except free-formula racing, which has little prestige. The current Grand Prix rule limits piston displacement to 1.5 liters (91 1/2 cu. in.), and even the big Indianapolis "500" engines are not so big as this one.

Despite Chevy's emphasis on research goals, however, and the round-peg-for-square-hole status of the CERV-I in regard to current racing, the Chevy people are obviously keeping closely in touch with racing developments and clearly exploiting the inherent glamour of the racing world.

They should be encouraged to go on. For too long now the United States has been an underdeveloped road-racing country. One has to look all the way back to Jimmy Murphy's

1921 victory in the French Grand Prix, with a Duesenberg, for a purely American triumph in the loftiest road-racing category. Something like the CERV-I—or any racing car Detroit backs with all its resources—could put the U.S. at the top of world racing. If the risks of failure are sobering, the rewards for success are incalculably greater, as Germany's Daimler-Benz firm has proved over the years. The prowess of its Mercedes racing cars has been such that the company's passenger cars have come to be regarded by the public with almost mystical esteem. Could Chevrolet—or Ford or Plymouth—inherit the Mercedes mantle? Given a favorable climate of opinion and the will to strike boldly, surely yes.

END

Ghost along the Wabash

Evasive as a wraith, Terry Dischinger is solid enough to be the game's second-best player

The Hoosiers who live along the Wabash watershed in western Indiana are sore. From Tippecanoe County in the north, down through Attica and Montezuma, and especially at Terre Haute, they are telling themselves they have raised the best young basketball player in the country, and nobody has heard of him. His name is Terry Gilbert Dischinger, he's a junior at Purdue and, they say, he's every bit as good as that big fellow up at Ohio State—Jerry Lucas—that all the world keeps hearing about. Local pride notwithstanding, they have a point.

Like Lucas, Dischinger was one of last year's memorable sophomores. Also like Lucas, he was a Big Ten center, an All-America and a starting member of the U.S. Olympic basketball team. It was the epitome of unfortunate coincidence that two such superb players should develop in the same year, just as it was inevitable that one of them would have to be relatively unknown.

A week ago, on the night the Big Ten started its 14-game intraconference schedule, Terry Dischinger gave a routine display of those talents which cause as much excitement as the moonlight on the Wabash. He scored 41 points, making 15 baskets in 20 attempts and 11 of 11 free throws, gathered in 12 rebounds and all but singlehandedly dismembered Northwestern, 79-64.

Dischinger is 6 feet 6½ inches tall and weighs 190 pounds. By the Brodingtonian standards of present-day basketball centers, he is small. Yet he plays as if he were smaller still, bringing something esthetically delightful to the game with his tiny, darting fakes, incredibly quick first steps, a

jump shot that floats up to the basket as soft as cotton candy and a prescient sense of where to look for a rebound.

He works as hard when he doesn't have the ball as when he does, gliding with an unhurried rhythm up and down the floor, then hesitating in front of a defending opponent like a gently weaving cobra before a snake charmer. Suddenly, poof! He has vanished, and the ball is in the basket. "He doesn't run around you so much as he just disappears," a recent foe protested. "It is like trying to guard a ghost."

Purdue's unguardable ghost is in the flesh an intent, doe-eyed young gentleman from Terre Haute. The son of a high school teacher, he never got a mark below an A, graduating as top man in his high school class. He then moved up the Wabash to Lafayette to take chemical engineering at Purdue and become a one-man basketball team for Ray Eddy, Purdue's coach.

"Go ahead and score"

Last year he averaged 26.3 points a game. He led the Big Ten in scoring, though playing with a sophomore team so inexperienced that opponents could double- and triple-team him. He also was Purdue's best defensive player, and captured about 40% of the team's rebounds. He became the youngest member of the Olympic basketball team. His teammates called him Rookie, but he had a veteran's ability. Lucas, center on the Olympic squad, remembers Dischinger as "simply fantastic," adding, "I've never seen a better player." And Oscar Robertson, soon to star with the pros, ended one frustrating Olympic scrimmage in which he was trying to guard Dischinger by shouting, "Man, go ahead and score. Who cares?" As Terry faked him out for the nth time.

This season Dischinger is even better. Evansville put three men on him, but he scored 43 points. Notre Dame



SLIPPING AROUND 6-foot-9 opponent, Dischinger drives toward the basket.

tried to collapse three men around him. Score after six minutes: Notre Dame 3, Dischinger 10.

In a game with Northwestern the other night, rival Coach Bill Rohr hoped to concede Dischinger 25 points but contain the rest of the relatively punchless Purdue team well enough to win. He tried a tall, slow man on Dischinger, then a couple of middle-sized men, finally a little, fast one—in vain. Dischinger romped around them all, making layups and hook shots with either hand, short jump shots and long set shots. He played his usual strong defensive game as well.

In the final two minutes, the partisan Purdue crowd screamed for Dischinger to shoot, to tie or perhaps break his own field house record of 43. Dischinger refused. "We had the game won," he said later. "I wasn't going to shoot no matter what. Basketball isn't a one-man game. I want people to remember me for my attitude, not the points I score."

The top teams in the Big Ten—Ohio State, Indiana, Iowa—know, however, that when the games get close Terry Dischinger will be shooting. With him, Purdue is likely to beat more than one of the conference leaders in the coming weeks. It is unlikely, but it could even happen this Saturday night at Columbus, where one of the most interesting personal duels of the year will take place. Purdue is playing Ohio State, and Olympian Jerry Lucas meets Olympian Terry Dischinger face to face.

END

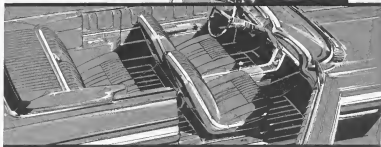
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High tides at the boat show

The opening of the 51st National Motor Boat Show brought out some startling new trends in yachting

As the 51st National Motor Boat Show opened last week, the view from the second-floor balcony of the New York Coliseum suggested the world's busiest marina at the lowest of low tides. A 47-foot diesel yacht complete with air conditioning and soft Muzak rubbed topsides with sport fishermen, midget ocean racers, runabouts, cabin cruisers, day sailers and prams. Throughout the day, and on close to midnight when the last tired exhibitor drifted out through the empty lobby, more than 40,000 potential skippers milled through the glittering displays to get a look at what was new in yachting.

One of the first things they noticed was that 49% of the show fleet was constructed of fiber glass (SI, Nov. 28, 1969). The largest plastic hull was Pearson's 37-foot sport fisherman. Nearby was the first glass production copy of *Moppie*, the Bertram Boat Company's winner of last year's Miami-Nassau Ocean Powerboat Race. Penguin dinghies, Thistle planing sloops, and Cougar and Tiger Cats were shown in fiber glass for the first time. And there was a fascinating fleet of midget fiber-glass ocean racers, amazing demonstrations of the naval architect's ability to squeeze a gallon of accommodations into a pint of hull. On a length of 25 feet or less, bunks to sleep four were provided,



ITALIAN-MADE BUNDY 500 MAY CRACK U.S. MONOPOLY IN HIGH-SPEED OUTBOARDS

together with refrigeration and cooking facilities and a head.

The glass designers are not the only ones coming in with new techniques and materials to challenge the builders of wood boats. Richardson showed a 40-foot cabin cruiser of planked aluminum, a process developed with Avro Aircraft of Canada. Freshaped strakes are fastened to frames with stainless steel screws; a synthetic-rubber seam seal is used instead of caulking. Viewed from a distance of only a few feet, the hull looks like wood. The other new construction concept is U.S. Rubber's five-ply Royalite, a blend of plastic and synthetic rubber. An outer skin provides color and resistance to weathering and abrasions, while a cellular core imparts buoyancy, stiffness and shock-absorbing qualities.

To one who has always believed that a boat should not only behave like a boat but also look like one, it was particularly good to see outboard cruisers and runabouts that seemed actually designed for the water and not for the boulevards. With a few

notable exceptions, upswept tail fins, automobile headlights and futuristic creations of plastic and chrome are being replaced by more practical designs. At the same time, the engine manufacturers have slowed their race for greater and greater horsepower, a race which threatened to create unwieldy monsters defeating the original purpose of the outboard. Only one company, West Bend, made a sizable horsepower jump—from 40 hp all the way to join Mercury at the top with 80.

Evinrude and Johnson are both staying at 75. And instead of size, these companies are emphasizing improved engineering, plus a few fringe benefits including, praise be, quietness. Scott has joined Evinrude and Johnson in the 75-hp class, and is offering a boat of its own, a 17-foot fiber-glass runabout, to go with the engine. This is the first time an outboard maker has moved into the boat-building business. The effect on the other engine manufacturers, not to mention the boat dealers, will be worth watching.

But perhaps the most interesting new outboard was the 30-horsepower Bundy 500. Built by Innocenti of Milan, manufacturer of the Lambretta motor scooter, the Bundy is the first foreign outboard with a real chance to cut into the virtual monopoly held by U.S. engines. A handsome, compact package, the Bundy weighs only 163 pounds. It is efficient for slow-speed trolling, but it also has speed and durability. It won its class in the recent Orange Bowl nine-hour endurance race in Miami.

This new outboard, a subsidiary product of the big Bundy Tubing Company, represents part of another trend—the arrival in the field of large corporations anxious to diversify their holdings by acquisitions in the boating field. In fact, the situation is not unlike that in Detroit during the past decades when purchases, consolidations and mergers resulted in the survival of only a few giants. Within the last year, Larson, Owens and Cutter boats all were acquired by the Brunswick Corporation, better known for bowling alleys and billiard tables. Crestliner was purchased by the Bigelow-Sanford carpet firm. Chris-Craft went to NAFT (short for National Automotive Fabrications). Grumman Aircraft Corporation's Boat Division has merged with Pearson of Bristol, R.I., and Pearson in turn has swallowed Aeromarine Plastics of Sealito, Calif., manufacturer of the Bounty class. As a result of these operations, the smaller dealers and builders are bracing themselves against the impact of mass-production techniques and high-powered sales campaigns inaugurated by corporations accustomed to dealing in huge volume.

An innovation of only recent standing, the so-called inboard-outboard drive units (SI, April 25, 1960) proved to have made considerable headway in the power field. These flexible units are attached to the transom but are powered via hull-through connections by inboard engines. This arrangement eliminates the expensive and highly vulnerable shaft, strut and rudder necessary for the inboard; and it also does away with the difficulties of moving and caring for the large outboards. At the Boat Show only two years ago the Volvo-Penta Aquamatic was the sole inboard-outboard on display. Now Muncie Gear Works is producing Flexi-

drive, Eaton the Powermator drive, and Western Gear the Seapower outdrive. Engine manufacturers are re-designing to accommodate these new drive systems; and at the Coliseum last week over 30 runabouts and utility models featured inboard-outboard packages.

However, the most radical step in boat propulsion was made by Boeing Aircraft Company with its introduction of a 260-hp. jet turbine. This engine, currently designed to turn a shaft and propeller, is nevertheless a true jet which, if altered slightly, could generate power by thrust alone. Weighing only 625 pounds, it starts instantaneously and can go to full throttle without warmup. It is free of vibration, will not stall and burns almost any sort of fuel—diesel, kerosene, white gas and, in an emergency, leaded gas. Yet for the moment, the Boeing turbine seems to have rather limited application because of both the price tag (\$15,000) and the fuel consumption (37 gallons of gas per hour at top speed). Still, some boat buyers will undoubtedly pay the price to enjoy such advanced engineering, and further research at Boeing may cut both original and operating costs.

Among the boating accessories, the trends were less noticeable. Thanks to transistors, electronic aids to navigation have been made more powerful and less bulky. Radiotelephones, direction finders, and depth finders

have been scaled down in size and cost, though Loran and Radar still remain out of reach for any but the larger and more luxurious vessels. The only real breakthrough in equipment seemed to be the depth/distance finder by ERA Dynamics Corporation. This device not only can measure depths under the keel down to 300 feet and detect obstacles the same distance dead ahead, but one model also reads at a 45° angle under the bow to a distance of 215 feet, thus informing the skipper of a rising bottom.

In the smooth waters of the Coliseum it is easy to forget that the sea can be uncomfortable and dangerous. Three concessions to weather and human frailty reminded one of these realities. Most important was Guest Co.'s electronic distress flare capable of providing flashes of 125,000 candlepower. This device saved the life of John Weston, a crewman aboard *Seylla* when he was washed overboard in the last Bermuda Race.

For the ladies, Sperry developed a wraparound skirt of orange neoprene to wear below waterproof jackets of the same material, thus eliminating the necessity of struggling into oilskin trousers in foul weather. And last of all, there was Aleort, which introduced its Scuttlebutt shorts for men, featuring a large circular patch of foam rubber on the seat, covered by nonskid chamois. Welcome to new comfort, men!

END



45-FOOT RICHARDSON CRUISER HAS STRIP-PLANKED ALUMINUM HULL, COSTS \$34,340



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

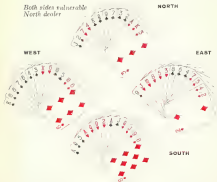
Double danger

In an early book on the subject of contract bridge Ely Culbertson wrote, "The purpose of a penalty double is to defeat the opponents' contract and collect the maximum number of points in undetrick penalties." That definition is not only short and clear; it places the twin aims of a penalty double in the proper order of importance.

Somehow, that order has become reversed in the lexicon of the average modern player. Often he is so intent on making a killing that he overlooks the prime target: to defeat the contract.

The moral of the following hand might be, "It does not pay to be greedy." This is not the moral, because both sides were guilty of greed, and that sin penalized one of them. The "justice," if any, is that victory went to the side best able to exploit the avarice of the other.

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	2♥	PASS
3♠	PASS	4 NT	PASS
5♠	PASS	5 NT	PASS
6♥	PASS	7 NT	PASS
PASS	PASS	PASS	ORL

Opening lead: diamond 10

South's bidding was outrageously greedy. Granted, he knew from North's rebid of clubs that his partner had a long suit and a better-than-minimum hand (else North would have rebid two no trump in response to South's jump takeout). South also knew, from North's Blackwood responses, that North held one ace and two kings. But that still left two kings missing, and thus 13 cold tricks were not in sight.

As for West, he could assume that at least one of his kings must be safe, since North had only one ace behind him, but nothing except greed (or unrestrained enthusiasm) can explain West's double of the grand-slam contract.

In essence, this double told declarer that both of the missing kings were off-side. True, there are few players astute enough to profit from such information, but South happened to be one of them.

Normally, South might well have run off his four diamonds and six clubs, planning to guess which finesse to take at the end, spades or hearts, but with the near certainty that both kings were wrong, South made a shrewd adjustment. After cashing the four diamond tricks and discarding a heart from the table, South laid down the spade ace. He then cashed the club ace, overtook the club jack and ran the rest of the clubs, discarding his own 5 and queen of spades and two hearts.

West, finally having to reduce to two cards, was over a barrel. He had to keep the spade king against dummy's jack, hence was forced to blank his heart king. Thereupon, sticking to his original sound assumption that West would not have doubled without the two kings, declarer led the heart directly to his own ace and the grand slam became a *fait accompli*.

The line of play South employed is known as the Vienna Coup. This involves the deliberate setting up of a trick for an opponent and then squeezing him out of it. Note that South cannot bring off a squeeze against West without cashing the spade ace before running the long club suit. Otherwise, South himself cannot discard profitably on the club suit—whichever suit he kept, spades or hearts, West would keep over him.

EXTRA TRICK

Before you double the opponents, think of the odds. In this case, West lost 2,490 points by an action that could not gain more than 100—not a sound investment. **ENO**



THE PLAUCHÉS WERE AT PUERTO RICO'S MOUNTAIN RESORT, EL BARRANQUITAS, WHEN TOM HOLLYMAN SNAPPED THIS PICTURE.

"My hero now wants a Rum Gimlet when he's in the tub!"

—writes Rona Sue Plauché, who gave her first lecture on moderation in Puerto Rico.

HONESTLY. My husband climbed out of that pool, sipped his Rum Gimlet—and suddenly made an announcement.

"From now on," he said, "I'll have a Rum Gimlet in my tub! Just the thing after a hard day at the office." We were on our honeymoon—and I launched into my first lecture on moderation. Cocktails in the bath indeed!

But I must admit that the Rum Gimlet really hits the spot. Imagine the tart,

clean taste of lime plus the brilliant dryness of Puerto Rican rum. And it's just perfect for parties. So simple.

Our hotel bartender had only one warning: "Make sure the rum you buy is labeled *Puerto Rican Rum*. It is distilled at high proof to make it *extra dry*. And every drop is aged in oak. Puerto Rican law requires it."

What all this means I'm not sure. But ask the man in that pool. He knows.



RUM GIMLET

One part sweetened Rose's Lime Juice. Four parts white Puerto Rican rum, poured over an ice cube in a large cocktail glass. Float a thin slice of lime on top.

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DODGE
DART!!

The young explorer

At 9 months a baby is like an explorer setting out from some snug harbor to discover the unknown. For the first time he takes leave of the protective enclosure of his mother's arms to inspect on his own distant goals heretofore only suspected. The fears that might occur to an older child (or a more cautious adventurer) are dispelled by the baby's unconquerable interest. As 9-month-old René Pouteau demonstrates here, this curiosity, under proper guidance (SI, May 2, *et seq.*), is a potent force in the development of his body.

Photographs by Suzanne Szabo



INTENT ON DISCOVERY, RENÉ GRAVELY FORGES AHEAD



CLIMBING alone up ironing-board hill after a toy, baby learns to put lower back and leg muscles to work in new directions.



DESCENDING on his own is new and thrilling experience which tests arm, shoulder, chest muscles—and his courage as well.



HAND-WALKING gives baby a thrill evidenced by his happily pointed toes. A fearful baby's toes would be curled tight.



TWISTING handstand gives baby a new view of the world, flexes lower back, hips. This action is opposite to sitting twist.



SEESAWING with mother is a fascinating new pastime that increases flexibility of back and hamstrings, so fun for both.



ARCHING provides happy relaxation and an excellent opportunity to learn good sports form, exercise shoulders and back.

THE GENIUS FROM

by ROBERT CANTWELL

Bobby Fischer has now won the U.S. chess championship for the fourth consecutive year, and since he will not be 18 until March, this means he has been sole possessor of the title ever since he was 14 years old. What made his most recent triumph particularly meaningful, however, was the fact that the players who pressed him hardest are not much older than he is. Second place in the tournament went to William Lombardy, a seasoned veteran of 23, and third to Raymond Weinstein, a 19-year-old college junior.

These three had met before, playing together rather than against each other. Last fall they were members of the American team at the Chess Olympics in Leipzig. On the Russian team were: the present world champion, Mikhail Tal; the former world champion, Mikhail Botvinnik; another former world champion, Vassily Smyslov; and Paul Keres, an Estonian master who ranks with the major chess figures of the 20th century. The Russians were perhaps the most formidable aggregation of chess power ever assembled on any team. Bobby Fischer and his youthful colleagues nevertheless finished a close second to them—which, of course, raised a pertinent question: Will they be able to beat the Russians when they get a little older and more experienced? "We can't beat the Russians this year," Bobby said, "and probably not next year. But we can give them the

Rapidly maturing, Bobby Fischer looks upon the world with an air of ironic superiority after winning his fourth U.S. chess championship.



BROOKLYN

hardest fight they have ever been in."

If such a match were held right now, the important matter would not be who won. Whatever the outcome, a contest between these old Russian stalwarts and a group of newcomers would be a visible demonstration that the vital figures in chess are currently coming from the U.S., not from Russia. "We aren't producing young players!" exclaimed Vassily Smyslov recently. Chess in Russia is subsidized in a fashion that would have shocked the Tweed Ring—even a minor chess master gets a car and one or two houses—and if good young players are nevertheless emerging here, and the national championship tournament that Bobby Fischer just won was dominated by them.

Bobby's first opponent in the nationals was Raymond Weinstein, who was a junior at Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn when Bobby was a freshman there. In those days Bobby occasionally dropped in to play chess at the Weinstein home, always beating Raymond with ease. Bobby hasn't been in a classroom since he quit high school in the middle of his junior year. Raymond is well on his way through college. Despite Bobby's repeated victories, there is a quenchless rivalry between them, intensified because Raymond just had a big year, playing on

the American college team that beat the Russian college students in a stunning upset in Leningrad.

Thus, when with Weinstein and 10 other contenders for his title, Bobby entered the ballroom of Manhattan's Hotel Empire on a wintry Sunday afternoon a few weeks ago, he faced a familiar situation. But in chess, and especially in Bobby Fischer's brand of chess, nothing is ever the same. The 12 took their places at tables before big boards on the wall that duplicated their moves and set the chess clocks that timed their games. Each had to make a minimum of 40 moves in the 2½ hours allotted to them. At 2:22 Bobby shook hands with Raymond, moved pawn to king four and pressed the lever that stopped the clock on his side and started the one on Weinstein's side. He was pale, but surprisingly relaxed. Usually the most fidgety and restless of chess players, always walking about during his games, he now leaned over the board with folded hands, or barely rocked back and forth in his chair, or at most nodded his head from side to side, as if following the beat of a metronome, while he mentally played out moves ahead.

The game progressed in profound concentration. Then, at 2:44, Bobby jumped to his feet for the first time, blinked his eyes rapidly, stuck his hands deep in his trouser pockets and began a long-striding pace around the tables to glance at the progress of the other games. He returned to his place almost at once, however, neither he nor Weinstein pondered long over their moves. At 2:50 he was on his

The best young chess players in the world are Americans, and the best American is 17-year-old Bobby Fischer. Most experts believe he will soon become the best player alive. A few think he is likely to be the best who ever lived. Now a four-time U.S. champion and the youngest Grand Master in history, Fischer plays a daring, sometimes wild game. With it he may break Russia's long monopoly of the chess championship of the world

feet again for another brief walk. At 2:56 he again jumped up. At 3:01, after he castled, he arose, yawned, looked owlishly at the audience and walked once around his chair. Raymond, who had castled on his queen side, played knight to bishop four, whereupon Bobby sat motionless for 11 minutes. Then, looking not too pleased, he moved his king rook over one space to the king square. Raymond removed his glasses. He moistened the tips of his fingers in a glass of water, touched his eyes, put his glasses on and, after deliberating 16 minutes, moved his bishop back one space to his king square.

The ballroom had grown warm. In the somewhat faded grandeur of the Hotel Empire the yellow lights from two overhead spots gleamed on the polish of the black chessmen, on the heavy gold-flecked beige drapes, on the gold trim of the ivory walls. Beveled mirrors reflected the three chandeliers and the warm rose-shaded wall lamps. Outside it was growing dark, the cranes and half-demolished buildings of Lincoln Square looming enormous against the gray-felt sky, a few stragglers making their way over the slippery paths that had been cut through the drifts on Broadway. There was no sound except the whispered hum of kibitzers studying the moves. "Why not bishop to rook four?" or "He's going to trade his queen for two rooks and a pawn"—and similar comments that serve chess fans in place of cheers.

At 4:37 Bobby removed his coat. At 5:13 an attendant brought coffee and sandwiches to the players, Bobby absentmindedly removing the lid from the

continued

container but neglecting to drink from it and leaving his sandwich untouched. At 5:30 a certain nervous dismay gripped the spectators. "Fischer doesn't look so good," said a youthful bystander, as if announcing the bombing of Pearl Harbor. And it was true: Bobby had launched an attack along the open knight file, bearing on Weinstein's castled king, the sort of wild, daring attack that usually brings him victory, but this time it had petered out, and Raymond was unperturbed, while Bobby was beginning to look strained. At 5:58 Bobby suddenly retreated, pulling his rook back to knight two, and for the next two or three moves seemed to be improvising, with no clear objective in mind.

There were games going on at five other tables, but as far as the audience was concerned they might just as well have been played in the snowdrifts in the excavations for Lincoln Center. The chess addicts who follow Bobby Fischer to tournaments believe he is the greatest natural chess player in history (an opinion he readily agrees with), and they no longer merely expect to see him win. They expect to see him come up with daring, surprising, imaginative combinations while winning. For the first time since Fischer began winning championships, he was neatly groomed, wearing a suit rather than his customary sweat shirt and with his brown spiky hair neatly trimmed. All this finery disturbed his youthful admirers, many of whom could have fitted right into the cast of *West Side Story* without changing costume, and their concern deepened as Bobby's expression suddenly grew haggard and despairing.

At 6:03 Weinstein began a slow-paced offensive of his own. He moved his queen across the board, traded off a knight and proceeded with cautious accuracy to accomplish nothing. Then, at 6:42, Fischer struck. He leaned across the board, took a pawn with his rook and put the black king in check. He literally jammed the rook across the board with a swift, exultant gesture, as if he were driving a sword through a deadly enemy. Weinstein stared at the board, transfixed. Dazedly, he moved the king out of check and, on the third move, resigned. In the

gallery elderly men shook hands with each other, each as pleased as if he had personally won, and the younger kibitzers, all merciless Fischer idolaters, busied themselves with sardonic wisecracks about the beaten Weinstein.

Sixteen days, or nights, later at 10:50 p.m. Fischer's last antagonist wearily held out his hand in a perfunctory handshake to indicate that he had resigned. Bobby had won the championship again, taking seven games, drawing four and losing none. The pattern set in his first game with Weinstein had persisted



First chess set came from older sister Joan.



His intransigence came from Mrs. Fischer.

through every round. Bobby was always plainly superior, always the champion and always in trouble. He narrowly won his game with William Lombardy, who finished second in the tournament. He was lucky to get a drawn game with 20-year-old Charles Kalme, a senior at Pennsylvania and a former college champion. Bobby also had trouble with the veteran Samuel Reshevsky, from whom Bobby first won the title three years ago. Reshevsky had a winning game—or what looked like a winning game until Bobby by another flash of daring got out of it with a draw.

In the midst of all these close shaves there was never the least suspicion that Bobby's game was falling off. He was playing up to average—usually better than his own brilliant average. But the unique quality of his chess is that he never has an easy time of it. The chess masters of the past with whom he is now ranked—men like Paul Morphy or Jose Capablanca—were infant prodigies who

easily defeated everyone they played, even in their early years. But not Bobby Fischer. Except when he is mowing down dozens of beginners in simultaneous exhibitions, he sweats, struggles, plots, schemes, plans, calculates and gets into fearful jams where only the deepest resources of his genius can extricate him. Chess analysts playing over his games in the national championship figure that Bobby won by last-minute inspiration four games he should have lost. Bobby himself said that Anthony Sady, a Cornell medical student who finished next to

last, had virtually beaten him. "I swindled him a little," Bobby said. "I had a lost position before adjournment, but by the time we adjourned I had won."

It isn't that Bobby plays down to weaker opponents to provide these dazzling conclusions. "He is one of the greatest players who ever lived," said Lisa Lane, the new American woman champion, after Bobby beat Arthur Bisguier to wind up the tournament. "He ranks with people like Alekhine now, and if he keeps on the way he has been developing there will be nobody in a class with him." Hermann Helms, the venerable chess authority who has known all modern masters since Pillsbury, ranks Bobby's youthful games with those of the best of the great players. Hans Knoch, less prone to enthusiasm than any chess authority, wrote of "the stupendous originality" of Bobby's chess and said his performance matched "the finest on record in the history of chess prodigies."

Why then should he have had trouble

defeating inferior players? "I think Bobby puts out just the amount of energy needed to win," said Robert Byrne after his drawn game with the champion. Byrne is a 32-year-old graduate of Yale, an instructor in philosophy at the University of Indiana and is articulate and erudite as Bobby is abrupt and monosyllabic. In the past Byrne often beat Bobby. This time Byrne only managed a draw, partly, perhaps, because he has been spending so much time on his doctoral thesis, *The Ontology of Paul Weiss*, that he hasn't played much chess. "Also, Bobby has developed remarkably as the past year or so," Byrne said, "and he hasn't stopped developing, not by any means." Whatever the reason for Bobby's fierce struggles with players who are not as good as he is, they make chess consistently interesting for him. He seems to adjust himself subconsciously to some plateau of equal ability with whomever he is playing, so that he is always in a world of genuinely intense competition. Meanwhile, so many close shaves, narrow escapes and stunning reversals of form—coupled with the rise of a chess prodigy who is always barely managing to come out on top—have given American chess a character and a general interest it never possessed before.

Bobby was born on March 9, 1943 in Chicago, the second child of a physicist. His father's family was German. His mother was born in Switzerland but raised in the U.S. In 1945, when Bobby was two years old, his parents separated. Mrs. Fischer taught elementary school in Los Angeles and in Phoenix, Ariz., and Bobby himself first entered school in a place called Mobile, near Gila Bend in the desert of western Arizona. The town consisted of the schoolhouse and the teacher's cottage, and the permanent population was limited to Mrs. Fischer and her children, Joan and Bobby. The seven other students came from far-scattered desert ranches. The two Fischer children had a pet ground squirrel and a pet owl, both captured in the desert. They also had a garden, in which they managed to grow some peas, but water was so scarce around Gila Bend that they had to devise a relay system to get it, a different child each day bringing a bucket of water from home. The Fischer children spent most of their

time in the desert, and Joan recalls that arid world of bony rocks and gaunt cactus as the first place where they were happy—"There was something alive under every rock," she says.

Mrs. Fischer moved with her children to Brooklyn in 1949. She worked first as a teacher before she studied nursing at Prospect Heights Hospital, and much of Bobby's care fell to Joan, six years older, a tall, pretty, sensitive child with an acutely perceptive intelligence. They lived in a four-story yellowish brick apartment house, and there was a candy store where Joan bought games and puzzles to keep Bobby occupied. They played parcheesi, Monopoly and whatever other games Joan could find. When Bobby was 6 she bought a chess set at the candy store because it was about the only game they hadn't yet played. She and Bobby figured out the moves from the directions that came with the set, and both learned to play chess, but Bobby showed none of the lightning appreciation of it usually attributed to chess prodigies. "It was just a game like any other," he said, "only a little more complicated."

When Bobby spent a summer with friends of his mother at Patchogue on Long Island, he found an old book,

bound like a ledger, filled with chess games. He carried it home and occupied himself by the hour with it. In the winter of 1950 Mrs. Fischer, bothered by his solitary absorption—he just didn't answer when you spoke, she said—wrote to Hermann Helms, who for 61 years conducted the chess column of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. She asked Helms if he knew any boys Bobby's age that he could play chess with. Helms suggested that Bobby attend an exhibition to be given at the branch library on Brooklyn's Grand Army Plaza. It took place on January 17, 1951, and Max Pavey, once champion of Scotland, played simultaneously against all comers, eliminating Bobby in 15 minutes. Carmine Nigro, the secretary of the Brooklyn Chess Club, was on hand. He was teaching his son Tommy to play and started teaching Bobby also, to provide Tommy with some competition. Bobby, however, learned so much faster that Tommy became discouraged and quit.

Players like Morphy and Capablanca could beat experts when they had to sit on books piled on chairs in order to see the board. But Bobby lost as often as he won. He had a scholarship at Community-Woodward, a private school of mildly

continued

Along with girls, clothes and jazz, Bobby is interested in pinball, plays chess with inmates.



progressive cast, where his grades were good, his chess playing was encouraged and his individuality approved of. Bobby played constantly, but he had reached the relatively old age (for chess prodigies) of 12 before he placed third in a small Brooklyn tournament. Then in May 1955 Nigro persuaded Bobby to enter the U.S. amateur at Lake Mohogan in New York state. When they got to the scene "I lost my nerve," Bobby said, "and only wanted to watch."

Nigro persuaded him to play. He lost more games than he won. But high-level competitive chess got a grip on his imagination that has never relaxed. Bobby joined the Manhattan Chess Club that summer, playing chess with anyone present. In July 1955 he played in the U.S. junior championship (for players under 21) at Lincoln, Neb., finishing 20th of 26 entries. By the time he entered Erasmus High he wasn't much interested in school. He was one of 6,500 students, and no one had time to pay attention to his idiosyncrasies. He is remembered by school officials as a thoroughly nice boy with a good potential, not easy to know, conscientious and good in languages, but so wrapped up in chess he could not think of anything else.

He was progressing slowly. He won the U.S. junior championship, and at 13 was the youngest player ever to win it, but he was 12th in the 1956 amateur and fourth from the bottom in the national championship that Reshevsky won that year.

But one result of these years of losing was that chess for Bobby came to mean the need to win—nothing else. When the English chess authority Harry Golombek interviewed Fischer and spoke of the number of Caro Kann defenses that were being played by leading Russian masters, Bobby said, "They're all chicken. They don't want to face bishop to queen bishop four against the Sicilian." "For those readers not acquainted with the transatlantic idiom," Golombek wrote soberly, "I should translate 'chicken' as cowards, presumably derived from 'chicken-hearted.'" Bobby's games were daring, concentrated solely on one end: victory. The early games of other prodigies are usually permanent additions to

chess literature, but Bobby's are interesting only for their promise, with little of the art found in those of Morphy or Capablanca.

Concentrating on victory alone also made Bobby defiantly antisocial. He grew into a gangling, awkward boy, touchy and uncommunicative, often rude to the point of boorishness. He was raised a little at Erasmus High because of newspaper stories, and he developed an animosity toward the press that made Ted Williams seem by contrast a publicity hound. The separation of his parents was a sore subject, so an innocent query about his father's interest in his chess might make Bobby the enemy of whoever asked it. After Bobby won the American championship, he was invited to play in Yugoslavia, and a television program gave him and his sister a side trip to Moscow on the way, but the Russians did not approve of Bobby Fischer either. Chess in Russia is part of the old intellectual tradition; chess masters like Tal and Botvinnik are men of the world, masters of several languages, highly educated, and Bobby's indifference to such things irritated and disturbed them.

Bobby returned the sentiments. He loafed around the Moscow chess clubs for two weeks, playing chess against everybody except the reigning masters. "You have to go through channels to get matches with them," he explains now. Because Bobby and Joan were guests of the sports section, rather than tourists, they were given a car and chauffeur and their personal translator, an engaging history teacher named Miss Kira. However, Miss Kira did not know much English and was usually studying the dictionary before she brought in various champion weight lifters, gymnasts, rowers, soccer stars and other sporting celebrities to shake hands with Bobby, all of which bored him. Who cares about stuff like that?

In Yugoslavia, Bobby drew 12 games (including his game with Tal), won six (including a sensational victory over the great Paul Keres) and lost two. Under the complicated procedures of international chess he qualified for the finals that would determine who would play Botvinnik for the world title. Bobby was also made an International Grand Mas-

ter, one of 40 such in the world, at 15 the youngest player ever to join those hallowed ranks.

Thus honored, he returned to Brooklyn; but there matters steamed to a crisis. Erasmus Hall could hardly put up with Bobby's disdain for learning and still remain in business, so he and the school parted company. Some of Bobby's earliest and most enthusiastic backers became annoyed at his tendency to dismiss most of the human race as *potzners* while reserving his regard for only a handful of great chess masters, including himself.



Loombarly, six years older, baffled Bobby.

He antagonized others by insisting on the letter of his rights as U.S. champion, refusing to play in the 1958 Chess Olympics unless he, rather than Reshevsky, played first board. In an international tournament in Zurich he played reasonably well, but in the eight-man final to determine Botvinnik's opponent he lost to Tal and wound up tied for fifth. When Mrs. Fischer picked the White House last summer to call attention to the need for funds to send the team to the next Olympics, Bobby's feelings were so exacerbated that his friends spent much of their time warning each other of subjects not to be mentioned in his presence.

At present Bobby is more relaxed than he has ever been. The salient difference is that he has stopped playing chess 24 hours a day. Last fall, when he was midway through a dull tournament in Buenos Aires, the chess world was electrified to learn that he had discovered romance.

The name of the Argentine siren who succeeded in getting Bobby's eyes off the chess board is not known, but the immediate result was that Bobby lost three games in a row, bought three suits of clothes, got a haircut and finished in a tie for 16th among the 20 contestants. The news of the girl friend was flashed to Moscow. "Fischer did not keep in training," wrote Victor Korchoni of Bobby's poor showing, "and this circumstance played an important role."

"What's going to happen to Bobby," asked Larry Evans, the former U.S.

become interested in prisons. Reverend Frank Beals, the head of the chess section of the People-to-People Sports Committee, was formerly a prison chaplain, and Bobby prevailed on him recently to arrange a chess exhibition at Rikers Island, the municipal prison for New York. Larry Evans, Raymond Weinstein and Frederick Rieber, deputy commissioner of correction, accompanied Bobby and Reverend Beals on the trip. On the way to the prison Bobby showed increasing interest in the guards who stopped them.

Bobby played the 20 best chess players in the prison, while 2,400 inmates looked on and the prison band played. He trotted from one end of the line of boards to the other, playing cautiously, as if each convict were a potential master, and looked relieved as one after another was checkmated. The last game dragged on until after the recreation hour ended, the prisoners were returned to their cells and finally only a handful of trustees were gathered around the board, responding to the curious tension exerted by a good chess game in the world of the free or the unfree.



Raymond Weinstein, 19, depressed him.



Kolme, a gifted U.S. collegian, almost beat him.

champion, and an old friend, "now that he's learned there are other things in the world besides chess?" Thus far Bobby has changed mainly in the general direction of a philosophic calm. He lives in the same house in Brooklyn, which is now deserted except for him (his mother last fall joined a group of visionary idealists who intend to walk across the U.S. from Los Angeles to New York, and thence across Europe to Moscow, in the interests of peace and disarmament; his sister is married to a scientist and intends to do graduate work in biology after she leaves Brooklyn College this spring). Bobby sleeps late in the morning, plays chess, reads chess books, studies palmistry, listens to Dixieland records (or any kind of jazz), goes to the theater, plays table tennis, at which he is expert, and skis. For some reason mystifying to most of his chess-playing friends, Bobby has also lately

"Suppose you didn't stop when they told you to," he asked. "Would they shoot?"

"Don't try it," said Evans.

"No, seriously," said Bobby, "suppose you just kept on going and didn't stop. Would they shoot you? I mean, would they really kill you?"

He seemed genuinely perplexed about it. He thrust out his lower lip, as if considering a move in chess, and weighed the possibilities. A man goes to visit Rikers Island. Guards stop him. He decides not to stop. The guards are armed. They draw their guns. Now what? Will they shoot? He thought a long time. Yes, presumably they would.

"But would they kill you?"

Nobody answered. His listeners were amused, but not quite sure what would happen.

At last Deputy Commissioner Rieber said gently, "They would not kill you."

All Bobby's plans now hinge on winning the world championship. He cannot go to college unless he graduates from high school, and he has at least a year and a half of school work to complete. Erasmus Hall wants him to come back and finish, but the school officials are having trouble getting in touch with him. Bobby doesn't seem too concerned. "I am going to win the world championship," he said, "hold it a couple years and then take up something else and make a lot of money. I want to deal in real estate all over the world and have houses in different cities, in Paris and London and Buenos Aires and Hong Kong and places like that."

After Mikhail Tal won the world championship, he said in an interview that Bobby's chess would eventually suffer by the thinness of his education. He added, "I wish Bobby would read more, and not merely chess books. Otherwise, he may come to be a prodigy and become just an ordinary genius." The leading Russian chess magazine said it more strongly: "Fischer is undoubtedly a talented player, possessing an immense capacity for work, but he thinks himself absolutely the strongest player in the world. This groundless self-assurance is decidedly holding back his further creative growth."

To Bobby these criticisms are specious. "Tal's a wise guy," he said. "That's what's the matter with him. He wants to be everything, a big brain. . . ." He made a gesture indicating that Tal wished to be a philosopher or a professor just because he played chess. It was pointed out that Tal's comment about him wasn't unfriendly. "So it just looks that

continues

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BOBBY FISCHER, continued

way," Bobby replied. "It's really glib and superficial. Anyway, Tal hasn't been playing so good and he may not even be world champion by the time the next match is held."

Chess is merely a game with Bobby, something to be won; yet somewhere in his attitude toward chess lies the key to his character, as yet so rough-hewn and unformed. He recognizes its art, and has favorite master is Capablanca, the most elegant and artistic of chess champions; but art is still secondary to victory. Bobby feels just as elated from a win in which he swindles his opponent as he does from one gained by the most imaginative planning and the most flawless play. The hard schooling in which he trained for his victories left him with his surface roughness, but he possesses an elemental integrity and an austere code of sportsmanship of his own, coupled with a jeering and sardonic attitude toward the polite conventions of good sportsmanship. He never complains at defeat, never attributes his failures to anything but his own bad play, never takes unfair advantage in the electric nervous tension of the big moments when the games are close and the time is running out. He is abnormally sensitive to sound, but he rarely takes any action about raised voices in the audience and at most merely looks with a perplexed annoyance at the source of the interruption. He is famous for his blunt assertions as to how good a chess player he is, but he does not volunteer any comments of such nature: he only says what he believes if he is asked.

When the young Mikhail Tal first became conscious of his ability as a chess player his first boyish impulse was to seek out the champion Botvinnik and challenge him to a match. When Bobby Fischer began to realize the importance of his position as a world master his first reaction was to put on a chess exhibition in a prison. Of the two indications of interest and character, the action of the 17-year-old boy appears more responsible and significant. Whatever else may happen to Bobby Fischer, he plainly is not going to develop, as Tal feared, into just another genius.

END

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

Nothing like it had ever happened before. Not even Adolph Rupp was prepared for the sudden disintegration of his Kentucky forces. Vanderbilt provided the first laking that this year's Wildcats may be harmless tabbies. The Commodores clogged up the middle to snarl Kentucky's drives, moved sparingly ahead on Bill Depp's 17 points, then held on for a 64-62 victory. Next, LSU, which had succumbed meekly to Kentucky for 25 years, outmuscled the Wildcats on rebounds to win easily, 79-59. Moaned Rupp: "They whipped us so bad off the offensive boards that even I cried." **Tahome** was no more considerate of the Baron's bruised feelings. While Adolph fretted and fumed, Wayne Pearl and big Jack Ardon peppered the weary Kentucky defenders for 39 points and the Greenies won 72-70. It was the first time that Kentucky had lost three straight in the Southeastern Conference.

The Wildcats weren't the only ones suffering in the mixed up SEC. Vanderbilt, after 14 straight, lost for the first time. Mississippi State, with Jerry Graves scoring 29 points (21 of them from the free-throw line for a new conference record), whumped Vandy 74-65 to tie Florida, a 38-33 winner over Auburn, for first place. Georgia Tech edged past Georgia 89-88 in overtime but stumbled against Mississippi. The Rebels held Roger Kniser to 10 points and upset the Jackets 69-67.

Virginia Tech, after beating Furman 77-72 and VMI 78-63, ran into trouble at Williamsburg. Burlly Jeff Cohen outscored (33-18) and outrebounded (20-14) the Gobblers' Chris Smith and William and Mary won 74-60. The Citadel, which earlier had edged William and Mary 64-63 in overtime, won another cliffhanger from Davidson, 74-73, moved up to share the Southern Conference lead with Tech and West Virginia.

Despite his difficulties with the NCAA (see page 5), North Carolina's Frank McGuire still found time to plan some special strategy for Wake Forest. He sent York Larese into the pivot, moved Doug Moe to backcourt and it paid off handsomely. Larese scored 26 points, Moe added 19 more, and the Tar Heels beat the Deacons 83-74. The same two players were just as hot against Virginia, and North Carolina won 92-70. But victories were coming harder for Duke. The Blue

Devils had to rally twice to beat Virginia 92-90 in overtime and Maryland 70-62. Wake Forest, still hanging on in the Atlantic Coast fight, came back to defeat North Carolina State 76-66. The top three:

1. NORTH CAROLINA (10-2)
2. DUKE (10-0)
3. LOUISVILLE (10-1)

THE MIDWEST

"It doesn't take any courage to throw the ball at the basket," insists defense-minded Tex Winter. But after his Kansas State team hit only 26%, in the first half and trailed Oklahoma 22-21, Tex was looking for some sharp-eyed forwards. He eventually found them, and K-State went on to win 69-67. Meanwhile, sharp-shooting Kansas, led by big Bill Bridges and Wayne Hightower, slapped down Oklahoma State 73-68, Iowa State 90-59 and is eager to test Winter's theory when the two teams meet January 20.

There were no surprises in the Big Ten. While undefeated Ohio State ran away from Northwestern's slowdown to win 79-45, Iowa ambled past Wisconsin 76-48 and Michigan State 86-72; Indiana trounced the Spartans 79-35; Purdue, helped by Terry Dischinger's 29 points, outlasted Minnesota 65-54.

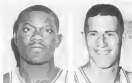
DePaul and Louisville, both unbeaten, met and DePaul won its 11th game, 78-70, as little Howie Carl dazzled the Cardinals outside and M. C. Thompson wrecked them inside. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (10-0)
2. IOWA (10-1)
3. BRANDEIS (10-1)

THE SOUTHWEST

It was almost a year ago that Houston ended a 16-game Bradley winning streak. Last week the unbeaten Braves appeared on the verge of stretching an 18-game string when Tim Robinson shot over a loose Houston score for 22 points and a 39-29 half-time lead. But Houston switched to man-to-man, Tommy Thomson held Robinson to two points, and the Cougars won 60-59 on Jim Lemon's foul shot with 36 seconds to play. Two nights later, Houston took on another former Missouri Valley playmate, trimmed St. Louis 75-67.

The Southwest Conference was still looking for a leader. Texas beat Texas Tech 63-55 and Baylor 89-58; Texas A&M surged past Arkansas 81-62; Tech



SOPHOMORES OF THE WEEK: Fogo-jumping M. C. Thompson (left) gave DePaul board control, scored 24 points in win over Louisville; lanky Art Heyman's sure shooting carried Duke past Virginia, also helped Blue Devils beat Maryland.

upset the Aggies 74-68, and all three were tied for first place. The top three:

1. TEXAS (9-0)
2. HOUSTON (9-0)
3. TEXAS A&M (8-0)

THE EAST

St. Joseph's Coach Jack Ramsay had a plan to beat St. John's. First, tie up Tony Jackson in a tight, shifting man-to-man, then draw 6-foot-9 Leroy Ellis away from the basket. Frank Majewski and Tom Wynne did the job on Jackson and, when Ellis refused to come outside, muscular, 6-foot-9 Vince Kempton simply shot over him for 21 points. The aggressive Hawks won 74-71. However, St. Joe's lost in the Midwest, to Xavier 87-75.

St. Bonaventure hardly drew a deep breath while overwhelming Gonzaga 140-71 for its 97th straight at home. Niagara posed a problem for a while, but only until Tom Seith found his shooting touch. Then it was easy. Seith poured in 46 points and the Bonnies won 88-68. Villanova, shocked by Army 64-49, beat West Virginia 82-77 as Jim Huggard tossed in 28 points. Princeton, moving easily toward the Ivy League title, pushed aside Brown 71-60 and Yale 78-63. The top three:

1. ST. BONAVENTURE (10-1)
2. ST. JOHN'S (10-0)
3. PRINCETON (10-0)

THE WEST

USC was head and shoulders above the rest of the Big Five. The Trojans, working cautiously but effectively around husky John Rudometkin, who scored 51 points in two games, beat Washington twice, 66-56, 88-72. UCLA matched California's ball control with similar tactics and outlasted the Bears 54-48.

Skyline teams had a real problem—how to stop Utah's Billy McGill. Denver tried it with two men, then three and finally four. But McGill asked jumpers, hooks, tap-ins and set shots for 41 points and the Utes rolled over the Pioneers 95-82. The top three:

1. USC (10-0)
2. UTAH (10-0)
3. UCLA (10-0)

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OREGS IN THE CUP

Sirs:
"Let the amateurs play without remuneration . . ." (The Cup Runneth Out, Jan. 16). Is Bill Talbert kidding? How would the poor boys make a living?

Seriously, though, what I suppose he meant was let the professionals play on the Davis Cup teams without getting paid for it. This strikes me, for one, as a fine idea.

GRAVES DAVIDSON

New York City

● Right. Former Cup Captain Talbert's original point was lost in an editorial foot fault.—ED.

Sirs:

Once again America has witnessed the sorry spectacle of its so-called amateur tennis players being barred to greener pastures of honest professionalism.

At this rate our quasi-amateur tournaments will be reduced to using high school kids for participants. What a sorry state of affairs when two of our top young players, Barry McKay and Butch Buehler, force the U.S. to start from scratch again in its search to find players good enough to meet the Australians on even terms. If these two amateurs can't win any major tournaments as amateurs, pray tell what they expect to win as professionals against the likes of Gonzales, Rod, Segura et al?

What a shame our tennis players don't have the same pride and devotion to country that the Australians possess. If they did, I dare say the Davis Cup would spend a good deal more time on this side of the Pacific.

RICHARD L. NICHOLAS

Midland, Texas

THE MAN

Sirs:
Congratulations on selecting Arnold Palmer as your sportsman of the year.

ROBERT KUDO

Los Angeles

Sirs:

You couldn't have picked a better man.

PETER D. KESKIC

Chicago

BLIND GRIND

Sirs:
Arnold Palmer is liable to be a one-eyed Sportsman of the Year (Jan. 9) if he keeps on grinding his golf clubs as shown.

M. J. BRINKERHOFF

Visalia, Calif.

Sirs:

If this truly represents Palmer's normal operating procedure with a grind-

stone, it could be that soon we'll be seeing the sad sequel entitled *Sportsman of the Year Gets a Guide Dog*.

Anybody who still has his eyesight and some common sense knows that 1) a grinder should never turn upward and 2) a grinder should never be used without the protection of a plastic face mask or chatterproof goggles.

BOB GILMORE

Sonoma, Calif.



PALMER DEMONSTRATES RISKY IRON PLAY

Sirs:

It isn't often that a hacker can give worthwhile advice to golf's greatest money winner, but please, Arnold, do something about that grinding wheel!

CLARK HOGAN

Madison, Wis.

● Asked to comment on her famous husband's disregard for customary precautions in the workshop, Winnie Palmer, who has received 100 or more personal protests by phone on the

same subject since the picture appeared, replied with a deep, wisely sigh: "Arnold's that way about everything. What can I do?"—ED.

GOOLIKE WORDS

Sirs:

To you and Mr. Alexander Eliot, my thanks for *Men Like Gods* (Jan. 5). It is gratifying to find in a magazine devoted to sports an article which can qualify as literature, pictures which would do credit to the finest art publication and perspective, poetic writing which would do credit to *Poetries* himself.

W. MACMURTRY

Maple Glen, Pa.

BOILING BOWLS

Sirs:

In behalf of the University of Florida, Baylor University, the Southeastern Conference, the Southwest Conference, the Gator Bowl, the South in general and millions of television football fans, I would like to express my appreciation for the wonderful coverage you gave the Gator Bowl (three lines of agate type in *FOOTBALL RECORD*, Jan. 8).

CHARLES F. JEAN

Melbourne, Fla.

Sirs:

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ANDY HILGER

St. Cloud, Minn.

Sirs:

If Minnesota is the No. 1 team in the country, what is Washington?

MICHAEL KOSSEN

San Francisco

Sirs:

You ought to stick your head in all four bowls respectively.

G. V. MEYERS

Rochester, N.Y.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: Alan G. Skelly, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & CORRESPONDENCE: Charles A. Adams, General Manager, Mail subscription orders, correspondence and suggestions to change address to: Sports Illustrated, 1760 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Change of address requires three-week notice. Please name magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires old as well as new address.

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PAT ON THE BACK



ANGELO GIULIANI

Homing birds and ballplayers

When Angelo Giuliani of St. Paul is not beating the bushes for baseball players, he is scanning the heavens for pigeons. A former big leaguer (St. Louis Browns, Washington Senators, Brooklyn Dodgers) and a major league scout for the last 15 years, the sad-eyed, cheery-voiced Giuliani has been racing pigeons twice that long. "Every

time I send a bird out," he confesses, "I feel the same anxiety as the commander of an aircraft carrier." Despite his fears, Giuliani's pigeons have returned often enough, and fast enough, to make him a top U.S. racer.

Now that the old Senators have moved to Minnesota, Giuliani expects that his baseball and his birds will

fly together more happily than ever. "The new stadium," he says, "is right on my pigeons' line of flight." Moreover, pigeon fancier Giuliani predicts that the strong northwest winds will help such Twin Cities sluggers as Killebrew, Allison and Lemon break Babe Ruth's home run record. "My birds tell me it's a cinch," he says.



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SHOPWALK

New ski glasses reduce glare, give greater protection from the wind

A really good pair of goggles to protect his eyes against wind and sun has for years been the skier's dream. Every make at his disposal, it seemed, had some inconvenience and occasionally a serious disadvantage. This year opticians are designing glasses to fit the skier's exacting demands for eye protection.

Several optical companies are already selling their own streamlined designs which are much better than anything offered to skiers before. These new glasses really do protect eyes against blinding glare from all angles, even in the rarefied air of high altitudes where the sun's rays are most intense. They are contoured to block eye-watering wind, and the



shape of the lenses is slimmer than before.

In Chicago, Marshall Field sells a French pair designed by Rolley (above). The green convex lenses have a wrap-around sweep that is particularly effective in shutting out



side glare and wind. They cost \$12.95.

Distortion, a particular annoyance, is virtually eliminated in the glasses designed by Purdy opticians of New York (above). The dark shell frame hugs the face, and the swept-

continued

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HOMESTEAD



SHOPWALK

back lenses give especially good peripheral vision. These are available in smoked optical glass or green, yellow and brown unbreakable plastic. Each model sells for \$15.

Slider-Optician Bill Bloeder of Eugene's New York store spent several winters in the mountains before he designed a gray ground-glass lens (sketched below) that he believes is 90% effective in filtering high-altitude ultraviolet and infrared rays. Since ground glass will break, he has



had the lenses heat-treated to withstand up to 1,000 pounds of pressure. At additional cost, Eugene's will grind them to fit any prescription. Encased in a strong black frame that comes in three styles, these glasses look good enough to wear anywhere. A pair costs \$22.

Such optical glasses give the skier the best eye protection yet, but a number of ski goggles currently sold in the resort shops solve various problems. The one below which Beconta distributes is a favorite of Austrian



ski instructors: a plastic shield by Barrufalds that is practically fog-proof. It flips up and out of the way when eye cover is not needed, and there is a wide space between it and the leather headband to let air circulate, lessening the tendency to steam up. The shield comes in green or lemon, and each costs \$1.50.

—PROGY DOWNEY



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STATIONARY SKIERS SNOWFLOW DOWN SKI-DEK AS RUG SLIDES UNDERNEATH THEM

Instant Ski Slopes

An inventor brings the mountain to the skier—for snug sport without snow

by MORT LUND

There are three troubles, from the point of view of less ambitious sportsmen, with the sport of skiing. First, it has to be practiced far from the places where most people live. Second, there is all that elegant equipment to buy and carry around. Third, distance and money aside, snow is a fickle substance, good for skiing one day, impossible the next. This year one man and a wild idea challenged all three with a gadget calculated to pull the most lethargic non-but would-be skier right out of his armchair.

The idea is a perpetual, mechanical ski hill. The man is Ray Hall, a ski instructor until the idea hit him. The perpetual, mechanical hill (called Ski-Dek) was built on the floor of the Klockner Steel Products Co. in Rockaway, N.J. and tested there. The cost was borne by Cyril Farny, a Wuritzer Organ dealer who dabbles in inventions. He has had enough flops (an electric window closer was one) and enough successes to be philosophical about taking the risks.

"You never know when you'll hit

the big one," said Farny, standing beside the machine in the dim light of the Klockner mill while the din of a work day went on all about. As welders busily spouted blue-and-white flames at various objects in the shop and half a dozen skiers zipped about on the machine's slope, Farny explained the principle of Ski-Dek. Instead of having a skier run downhill, using up the mountain at a fast clip, the mountain is moved past the skier. The structure of the machine is that of an inclined plane, 18 feet high at the upper end, sloping downward for 40 feet to a landing strip four feet off the floor at the lower end. The slope itself is a platform 25 by 40 feet covered by an upward-moving rug. The rug is driven by two rollers, one at each end of the platform; in appearance it is like a conveyor belt, or a stepless escalator. As a matter of physics, any skier moving downward on the belt can keep skiing as long as he doesn't go downward faster than the belt moves upward. By the same token, if he doesn't ski downward faster than the rug moves up, then he will slowly be carried to the top. Like Alice in Wonderland, he has to keep moving to stay in the same place.

If this sounds wild, the sensation of skiing Ski-Dek is at first wilder. Hall, who is a young 36, throws the

continued

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SKI MACHINE

switch to let the machine build up speed before he invites a skier to step on and ride to the top to begin his run. As the skier sidesteps from the platform at the low end to the rapidly escalating rug, nine chances out of 10 he will sit down suddenly and find himself being carried to the top scrambling to find his feet. This delights Hall, who dances below, saying, "Hey boy, how's that? Some machine, hey?" Fanny, who is older and less playful, runs for the switch, shouting, "What are you doing? Get him up. Let him get up," and shuts the machine down before the skier is unceremoniously delivered in one ridiculous position or another to the upper end.

Once up, the skier faces an even more confusing test: learning the technique of skiing down. He pushes off from the top platform and makes headway down the rug until, just as in real skiing, he makes a turn. The skis bite into the rug and ef-

fectively slow him down to a velocity equal to the rug's but in the opposite direction. At this point the skier's eye suddenly tells him he is motionless with respect to the windows and machinery of the Klockner steel works. At the same time his kinesthetic sense tells him his skis are still traveling over the surface as in a normal turn on snow. Einstein would understand the relativity involved but the skier's mind does not. The two contrary sensations tangle in the brain and the skier does what he has learned to do in case of confusion: he falls down. Then, however, instead of coming to a safe stop as he would in the outdoor form of the sport, he finds himself once again being carried, willy-nilly, upward—ascending like Elijah to heaven.

It isn't just the untried skier who takes the unwilling upward trip. Practically every skier new to the machine—top instructors, national ski champions, a number of ski writers—including this one—assorted beginners and intermediates have all



PUPIL HANGS ON TO TEACHING BAR WHILE SKI-DEK INVENTOR HALL INSTRUCTS

been thrown by the machine on their first try to find themselves looking ruefully up at the steel roof beams in Klockner's.

But every skier who has spent an hour on the machine has come away trying to buy a piece of the company (\$25,000 a block of stock). After about half an hour, the sense of strangeness wears off and the rest is pure delight. The machine is like a drug; no skier wants to get off and stop. There are no potholes to dodge, no fallen branches, no ice, no bare spots, no wet snow.

The rug, in fact, is softer than snow. There can be collisions, but only if the rug is crowded. Even then, since the skiers all have to move at about the same speed to stay on the rug, a collision isn't serious.

Most skiers begin learning on the rug with small 2½-foot skis, the Shoo-tee Wedeln invented by Clifton Taylor (or copies of same), because the friction of the rug is higher than that of snow. But a good skier can soon work up to skiing on seven-foot skis with the skill he has outside.

While the Klockner pilot model was being tested by skiers, Hall was busily building a smaller machine. The first of these compact (16 by 30) machines went to the National Winter Sports Show in New York, where it helped draw 6,000 spectators a day, twice as many as the previous New York winter show. Hall and Farny took on several franchise holders on a tentative basis. The franchise men sooner or later will put up a squad of the machines in various cities throughout the country—the world's first ski-o-dromes. "If skiers want wind in their face, ice-cold drafts and all those discomforts," said Hall, "we'll just add them, that's all." The Ski-Dek motor (a 20-horsepower electric) is practically soundless, but Hall, who is sure he can invent anything, says he can construct an attachment that will whistle like a February gale.

Hall is a kind of surprise genius. His skiing friends think of him as a personable if excitable man, but actually he is meditative and inventive in everything he does. Construction innovations utilized in the Ski-Dek eventually will have wide application in industry; and Hall had previously designed a special seamless roof for houses consisting of curved plywood panels. Actually, he might not have

come up with the perpetual ski hill except that one day after he had dismissed his ski class at Aspen, Colo., he took a ski run for fun and inadvertently tried to pass his upper shin on one side of a small tree and his ankle on the other. In the hospital, during the time it took the doctors to replace a section of powdered shin-bone with a piece of steel, Hall let his meditations run wild.

The wild idea

"I had always wondered why it was that skiing only reached a very small part of the people who could enjoy it," he recalls. "I started thinking about how to get skiing into the cities a long time ago and how to ski in a small space. In the hospital, by heck, I had this idea. You never know what you'll come up with if you break your leg."

Shortly after he got back on his feet, Hall was introduced to Farny through Farny's son Dave, a fellow instructor. Hall and the elder Farny started talking inventions, and Hall gave him a rough sketch of the ski machine. Farny invited the young man to his home in New Jersey to build the device.

Hall first built a small 5-by-12 model to test skiing surfaces and ski bottoms. He tried surfaces of canvas, wool, plastic beads, brush bristles and nylon cloth, settling at last on a specially made nylon rug of Allied Chemical's Caprolan fiber. The nylon pile was oily enough to help lubricate the passage of the skis and deep enough to hold the ski in a turn. Then, to make the ski slide easily over the rug, Hall turned to the slipperiest plastic known: Teflon. Even then he found he had to use an additional substance, a chalklike powder which he spreads on the rug, to get the skis moving fast.

The sliding problems solved, Hall told Farny he was ready to build a big one. Farny put up the money and hired space and workmen from Klockner's. Hall, who never bothered to finish college, found himself directing graduate engineers, some of them unsympathetic. They insisted that Hall could not build the machine in such and such a manner. Hall went ahead and built it in such and such a manner anyway. At the end of the sixth week, the machine rolled. Hall hopped on and made the first automatic ski descent on record.

continued

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SKI MACHINE continues

The world's first indoor ski races have already been held at Klockner's—with certain variations from classic racing procedure. The first race was held between Cliff Taylor and Hall for the world indoor 50-pole championship. (The poles of outdoor racing are represented by oncoming dots on the rug.) Taylor won: 50 poles in 35 seconds. This writer and Hall then raced off for the world indoor simultaneous title: first man to the bottom of the machine through identical race courses set side by side. Hall came out a clear winner, but he had been practicing at night.

Arthur Murray may go

"Races like this will replace bowling on TV," said Hall, "and when they get tired of one kind of racing, we'll invent another. After that we'll replace Arthur Murray on TV with some ski dancing that I'm going to invent. You know, a couple sliding down arm in arm over the slope, doing waltzes, spins and everything."

The possibilities are many and perhaps appalling. The next step would likely be a ski follies with chorines doing precision kick-turns. Or ski musicals: *Girl of Obergurgl*, and *My Fair Schusser*.

The machine may turn all scheduled B pictures about skiing into C

pictures, with daredevil sequences filmed in the studio. It can be made to simulate almost any kind of natural—as well as unnatural—form of the sport. Hall has plans for building irregularities in the rug—mounds, hollows, rises, even ruts—to imitate actual conditions. He hasn't quite figured how to fake deep powder snow yet, but give him time.

More importantly, Ski-Dek is an instructor's godsend. "I've taught people to ski on this thing without putting my boots on," said Hall. He rigs a practice bar from the side of the machine to teach beginners. The novice hangs on to the bar and makes the appropriate moves as the rug whirs by under his skis. The teacher can stand an arm's length away and put his hand gently on the pupil's offending, out-of-position anatomical part and move it back into line. To bend the pupil's knees, he merely presses down on the top of his head.

Happily confident of success, Hall and Parny are forging ahead protected by a welter of solid patents. It seems certain that Ski-Dek could bring thousands of city people into skiing almost immediately.

"It's sure going to make skiing different," said Hall, proud but somewhat dazed. "Now that I've proved you can ski without snow, it really has me scared. It's so big I might make \$5 million."

END



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